

The Sign *National Catholic Magazine*

May 1952-25¢



My Career: a Mother
(See page 36)

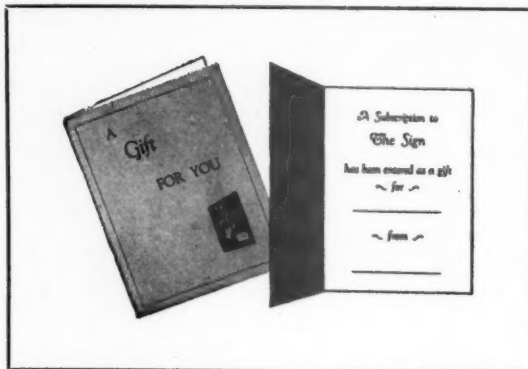
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by Robert Ingram

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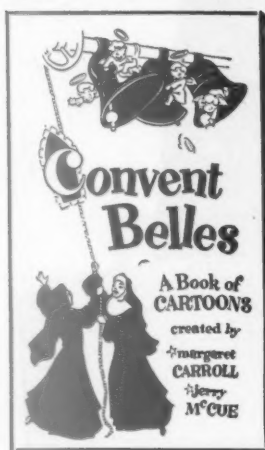
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May, 1952

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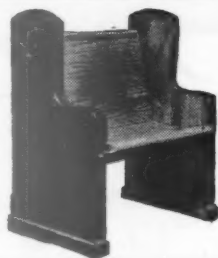
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LETTERS



"ABC Triangle"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I never write letters of this sort, but Robert Ingram's article, "The ABC Triangle," was too much to let go uncriticized. His article was in sharp contrast to the article on our Apostolic Delegate which emphasized the truth.

Let me enumerate his journalistic sins: (1) Falsity: Ascribing the Normandy invasion to Roosevelt. Eisenhower's *Crusade in Europe* amply shows that decision to have been made and insisted upon by the American military. (2) Drawing false conclusions: (a) That the dissolution of the Hapsburg and Ottoman Empires was a mistake. (b) That deposing the monarchy in Germany was a mistake. (c) That free enterprise in Britain was choked by the economic bungling of the Labor government. Here, he neglects a whole host of other reasons: depletion of natural resources; American competition blessed by God with bountiful resources was too much; that the prior reign of free enterprise within Britain disastrously brought it to the brink.

EDWARD L. STEPNOWSKI

Chicago, Illinois

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Give us more articles by Robert Ingram. His "ABC Triangle" in the March issue is right to the point and just what we need.

We always thought you were an up and coming magazine—now we know it!

FRANCES C. SHIELDS

St. Paul, Minnesota

A Suggestion

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I have a beef against one of your editorial staff. After fifty years' experience in the boxing game—amateur, pro, teacher, judge, referee—whenever possible I listen to Mr. Don Dunphy mutilating Irish names on the air. I don't mind Bill Corum doing it, but a man named Dunphy should know better than refer to Roger Donoghue as Donnyhew—the name, my poor narrowback, is pronounced "Dunahoo." I am sick and tired of hearing names that were famous long before St. Brendan discovered America, like this—Dougherty into Dorothy, Tunney into Toney, Moran (with the accent on the Mor) into Moran (with the accent on the "Ran"—they never did!), and I would strongly advise Mr. Dunphy to call up Father Sean Reid or any other Soggarth

Aaron in New York and get a little instruction on the pronunciation of good Irish names.

THOMAS L. O'MURTAGH

Montreal, Canada

The Sign for March

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

It was with great regret that I realized that your otherwise excellent March issue contained no reference, aside from two stories by Irish authors, to the country so intimately connected, through the feast of its greatest saint, with the month of March.

If the problem of the partition of Ireland received no recognition or discussion from a magazine such as yours, where then can the people of Ireland hope to find a voice raised in defense of their rights and in protest at their wrongs. The Protestant minority in Spain has no less a person than our President speaking out against what he considers their persecutor. You yourself never hesitate to speak strongly against persecution, discrimination, denial of freedom, any evil you find anywhere in the world. And any evil you find anywhere in the world can pretty well be matched in the treatment of the Catholic minority in the part of Ireland still under English domination.

I had hoped in this issue for evidence of your support of the anti-partition movement. Even verbal support helps, you know.

BERNARDINE TRUDEN

Brookline 46, Mass.

... The Land of Fear

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Allow me to congratulate you on the excellent article by Eileen Egan, "At the Border of the Land of Fear." This should make us stop and think of the benefits of freedom. I also want to commend Doctor Odenwald on his article, "Your Child and Sex."

JOHN H. STRANKO, SR.

Trenton, N. J.

New Deal vs. Teapot

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Your editorials are so consistently excellent that I hate to see a factual slip in one of them. In writing that "the milk (Continued on page 78)

The Sign

NATIONAL CATHOLIC
MAGAZINE

Monastery Place, Union City, N. J.

MAY

1952

VOL. 31



No. 10

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Editor's page

For High Stakes

IN 1922, Germany and Russia angered and affronted the Allied powers by signing the treaty of Rapallo. In 1939, they repeated the performance by entering the Hitler-Stalin Pact. The recent Soviet note to Britain, France, and the United States, proposing a German treaty, was really addressed to the Germans and is in effect an offer of a new German-Russian agreement.

It would be very foolish to underrate the importance of this Soviet diplomatic move. If the Reds accomplish their purpose, they will upset all our plans and undo all our accomplishments for the defense of Europe. And they hold good cards in their hands. They have a lot to offer, and there are many ears in Germany ready and willing to listen to the offer.

The Soviet note offers the Germans reunification of Eastern and Western Germany, elimination of economic and trade restrictions, an end of denazification, removal of military occupation, and the right to rearm. The only limitation on the offer is restoration of lost territories, and the Soviets are probably holding this trump card to play at a critical moment. Most of the lost territories are in their power and they alone can make the offer of restoring them.

Imagine the appeal such an offer has to large segments of the German people. The Communists like it because it strengthens their hand and because they accept anything that comes from Moscow. Many Socialists like it because of their kinship to the Communists and their hatred for the West. Nazis and extreme nationalists welcome it, as it provides the only possibility of their return to respectability and perhaps even to power. Many Protestants of the type of Pastor Niemöller will favor the Russian solution, as they want the 18,000,000 Protestants of Eastern Germany in order to offset the small Catholic majority of Western Germany.

The present government of Western Germany is decidedly pro-Western and it cannot be overthrown by a vote of no-confidence. It will remain in power until the new elections of August 1953. The Russians' offer of a German treaty

shows that they are aware of this and they propose to hold an all-German election which would replace the West German election. If this fails, they feel pretty sure that their grandiose offer of practically complete German restoration will insure Adenauer's defeat and assure a government even in the West more favorable to Russian aspirations. We have a reasonable assurance of a friendly government in Western Germany, therefore, only until August, 1953, and whatever is to be done to range German power with the West must be done by that time. After that, we can only hope that the good accomplished will be so great and so evident that no Germans will want to undo it for the dangerous embrace of the Russian bear.

It would be a fatal mistake to underrate the importance of the Russian move. Germany—not China or Japan or Southeast Asia—holds the balance of power between the East and the West. For better or worse, Germany has the manpower, resources, resourcefulness, and geographical location to make either the East or the West overwhelmingly superior. Russia knows it and is playing heavily for high stakes. We may never have a chance to rectify our mistake if we miscalculate the importance of the issues or if we underrate Soviet chances of success.

We blundered in China and we shall probably pay the penalty for generations to come. If we blunder again and permit a restored and reunited Germany to become an ally of Soviet Russia, we shall be giving the Reds the greatest assurance they could have of ultimate victory. Russia and Germany together would dominate the Eurasian continent from Japan to Britain and face the rest of the world with overwhelming economic and military superiority. We would be more optimistic of the outcome if our leaders in Washington showed more appreciation of the import of Soviet maneuvers.

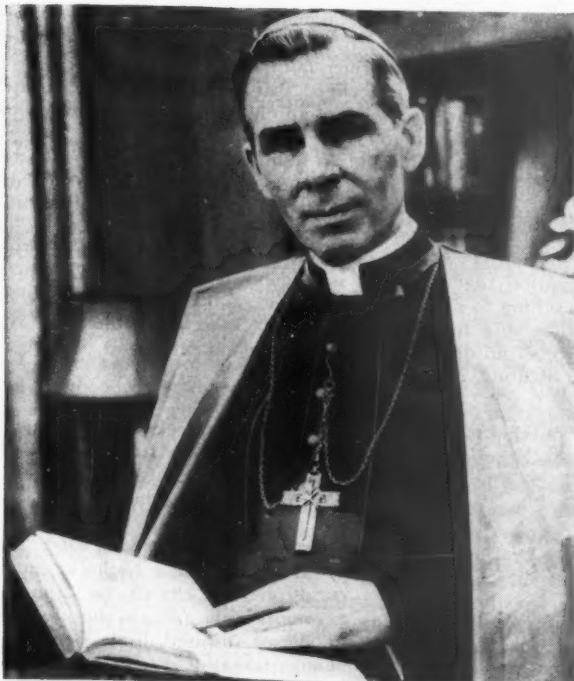
Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.

Current



Fact and Comment

EDITORIALS IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT



United Press

Bishop Sheen as he appears in the living rooms of millions of homes via TV. His success points up the tremendous value of this medium as a means of teaching the truths of faith.



Wide World

The English Lion refuses to take its claw out of Ireland. Above, a Northern cop strikes and injures a little colleen when anti-partitionists demonstrated there on March 17th.

JUDGING by *New York Times'* reporting, Catholics throughout the world are practically perfect. Among New York papers, the *Times* seems to specialize in rattling skeletons in the Catholic closet.

The News That's Fit To Print

But it uncovers such lightweight stuff that one must conclude that Catholics are awfully good. A couple of hoodlum kids break into a Spanish Protestant church, smash a few chairs, and give the minister a bad time. This *international* incident apparently belongs among "all the news that's fit to print." So the *Times* prints it, together with the whole box score of Protestant grievance against Spain.

Since the weight of the item would not justify any commemoration of it, the *Times* must have some other reason. The reason is certainly not courtesy to the 2,000,000 Catholics of New York City, or the other 1,000,000 Catholics in the metropolitan area. We would not want to think it a courtesy aimed at certain groups who like to see Catholics take a pasting. Maybe it is just that the *Times* suffers from a condition which is said to prevail in horses—a natural magnifying quality of the eye.

Mr. Herbert Matthews—*Times* correspondent with the leftist forces in the Spanish Civil War—has been touring Latin America. On March 30, he was in Panama, writing about Communist activities there. Two days later, on April 1, he despatched a report on the crimes of Catholics against Protestants in Colombia.

That looks like fast work for a serious report on so tricky a subject. It was not, however, too little time for Mr. Matthews to do what he did. What he did was interview the Executive Secretaries of the Presbyterian Mission in Colombia and the Evangelical Confederation of Colombia.

They handed him some heartbreaking propaganda stuff, including the cruel and—to him—mysterious refusal, by a priest, to give Catholic burial to a Seventh Day Adventist. There should be a Catholic somewhere in New York who could explain that item to the *Times*.

Mr. Matthews interviewed no Catholic spokesman. At least, he refers to no such interview. And he hardly had time—with only two days to research and write up the business.

MR. Matthews might have done a service to the people of the United States if he had spoken to Catholic authorities who could inform him of the Catholic position.

There's Proselytizing And Proselytizing

Obviously something can be said for that position. It doesn't make sense that 20,000 Colombian Protestants are always correct and 10,000,000 Colombian Catholics are always perverse. Just as it doesn't make sense that 20,000 Spanish Protestants are always correct and 20,000,000 Spanish Catholics perverse.

Mr. Matthews might have found that there is a big dif-



Human nature is just the same even on the battle field. Above, chaplains place a sign on front of the jeep to remind laggards to go to Mass and Church on Sunday. *Religious News*



Three more missionaries in Hong Kong after being expelled by the Reds as "American Imperialists." Propaganda-wise the Reds didn't reveal that the good Fathers are French. *United Press*



Six Czech border guards flee into Germany. They claim that most of the Army would desert in event of war. This should cue us to pour dollars and time into propaganda warfare. *International*

ference between the Catholic and Protestant ideas of propaganda. But he wouldn't have to go to Colombia for that.

Over 100,000 Protestants are converted to the Catholic Church in the United States every year. The procedure is this: instruction in the positive content of the Catholic Faith for from three months to a year. This instruction covers such positive truths as creation, redemption, the sacraments, the moral law, the function of the Christian Church, and revelation concerning the life to come. A convert is not received until he knows precisely what he is getting into. After that he must make a profession of belief in what the Catholic Church teaches and an act of rejection of all doctrine which is at variance with it.

No part of the program involves a vilification of Protestants, or of Protestant belief. No part of it indicts Protestants of bad citizenship or fingers them as a social menace equal to or worse than Communism. No part of it is framed to deceive the convert into thinking that the Catholic Church is the same as his former faith.

Mr. Matthews can check that right here in the United States. Right here, too, he can observe that Protestant propaganda is different on every score.

Protestant propaganda is frequently a vilification of Catholics and Catholic belief. Protestant propaganda—particularly its current form—indicts Catholics of bad citizenship and fingers them as a social menace equal to or worse than Communism. Protestant propaganda is largely based on the contention that one faith is as good as another, that there is nothing to choose between them, and that Catholics are insufferable for saying otherwise. Protestant conversion involves no detailed instruction and no profession of faith in a definite creed.

THE Protestant proselytizer cannot seek converts among Catholics on a basis of urging them to worship God. The Catholic Church provides far greater facilities for that than the proselytizer does.

When In Rome

Don't Insult Romans

If anyone cares to check, let him stand where he can watch the door of both a Catholic and a Protestant church on Sunday. The proselytizer cannot convincingly preach the divinity of Christ, or redemption, or an inspired Bible because a great part of his own denominationalists do not follow him, and the Catholic Church speaks with far more conviction on those matters than he does.

So he must settle for a strictly negative campaign. Such as accusing Catholics of being idolators when they use statues and pictures to remind them of God and God's friends. He must call the Pope Antichrist and a tyrant. He must snipe and sneer until some Catholic, growing weary of it all, throws an egg at him.

He writes up the egg-throwing part of the story, hands it to a roving reporter like Mr. Matthews, and a New York newspaper unveils it as an international incident.

This is what is behind most demonstrations against Protestants in Spanish-speaking countries. Mr. Matthews, however, is not a Catholic. He cannot properly appreciate the value which Catholics place on their Faith, nor, consequently, its potential sensitiveness as material for insult.

It would be dangerous to make a practice of stepping into London pubs and insulting the Queen. It is no less explosive a tactic to pass out to Catholics handbills insulting the Mother of God. Just how sensitive it is, however, Mr. Matthews would not know. The Faith is not the profoundest love of his life, as it is likely to be to the Catholic.

Probably, the editors of the *Times* are making the mistake of handling certain types of Catholic news according to the journalistic voltage it can generate. That is perceptive journalism. But it is not fair. Particularly when the volt-

age keeps building up and keeps making a lot of honest Americans miserable.

Somewhere, somehow, the *Times* is making a mistake in its Catholic coverage. And we think it is a mistake of the head and not of the heart. It just doesn't know how much it is hurting.

IT is regrettable that the recent visit of Queen Juliana of the Netherlands and her consort; Prince Bernhard, was buried beneath an avalanche of newsprint resulting from the shameful political donnybrook put on by Messrs. Truman, Morris, & McGrath. In Queen Juliana we had, at long last, the pleasure of seeing the

A Royal Visitor Bringing Goodwill

head of a European country visit the United States on a genuine goodwill tour. She brought with her only gratitude and cordiality. She sought neither steel nor dollars, only friendship and peace. She refreshingly reflected the self-respect, the courage, the democratic spirit, and the other admirable traits and old-fashioned virtues of her nation and her people.

Tiny Holland was one of the first nations to be overrun by the Nazi juggernaut of hate and destruction. The merciless bombing of Rotterdam will be recorded as one of the most infamous crimes in history. During the war, Holland suffered the almost total loss of its thriving shipping industry, the mainstay of its economic structure. It endured complete Nazi occupation with the concomitant horrors of persecution and despoliation. Yet, Holland did not become one of those perpetually whining European nations seeking to live off an American global dole. Like the Belgians, the Dutch went grimly to work rebuilding and restoring their economy. Today, the Dutch guilder rates high among the world's few hard currencies.

Soon after the war, Holland's colonial empire was precipitately dismembered, largely because of the warped advice and importunings of a group of crackpot policy-makers and map-changers in Washington masquerading as statesmen. The resultant unbalance and vacuum have in no small measure contributed to firing the potboil of unrest in the Far East. Notwithstanding, Holland sent arms and men to help us in Korea, and is doing more than her share in the defense efforts of the democracies against Communist aggression in the Orient.

Thousands of veterans can recall the touching gratitude and hospitality of the Dutch people. American cemeteries in Holland have become veritable shrines. This is particularly true in the strongly Catholic region near Maastricht, where so many young Americans are buried.

In her address to the joint session of Congress, Queen Juliana said that the North Atlantic Treaty nations should "avoid imitating the example of Iron Curtain countries, which have focused their minds so much on defense that they forget to focus as much attention on their economic, social, and cultural well-being, let alone the progress of the whole family of nations." These are wise and truthful words. They form a bit of friendly warning that our own leaders would do well to heed.

DURING his tour of duty as Military Attaché in Moscow, General Robert W. Grow kept a diary. In it he detailed clandestine visits to Soviet military installations, noted vital bombing targets, and wrote that war with Red Russia is desirable "as soon as possible. Now!" Several weeks ago, whilst the General was vacationing

The Strange Case of the General's Diary

amid the luxurious delights of Victory House, an Army "resort" in the Taunus Hills, near Frankfurt, Germany, his

NORTH ATLANTIC TREATY ORGANI



United Press
Gen. Gruenther praises our defenses in Western Europe before the Senate. But with an uncertain French Government and Russia wooing Germany on "unity," can we be sure?



International
Above, seventeen out of original group of 115 Russians arrive in U. S. after fleeing Reds for nearly five years. Hell-on-earth home conditions inspired this decision.



The ideal of theology for the lay person has become an actuality at St. Mary's College, Indiana. Thanks to Sister Madeleva (2nd right) College has excellent theology course.



With their wardrobes on their backs, American soldiers march into Germany. These young men must give up the best years of their lives because of a gentleman in Moscow.

International



In Germany, Johann and Charlotte Stawicki, a childless couple, adopted twelve German orphans! They are not only mending the children's broken lives, but enjoying it.

United Press



Grandmother and grandfather Stawicki are shown helping the foster parents peel potatoes for the Sunday dinner. KP is a big operation at Stawickis, but it's labor of love.

United Press

diary was stolen and photographed by a Communist spy.

The Kremlin propagandists immediately circulated the juiciest and most damaging portions of the diary as "proof" that the U. S. is a nation of "warmongers." It was all very embarrassing. Now, Pentagon and State officials, with their customary hindsight, have issued a strict order forbidding all attachés in foreign posts to keep diaries.

This is slightly ridiculous. Everyone knows that a military attaché is actually a quasi-spy, that his grandiose title is merely a hypocritical invention of the diplomats. Nobody appreciates this better than the astute masters of the Politburo, who probably had a barrel of fun out of the incident.

More sensible by far than this useless order, closing the barn door after the horse has run away, would be an order closing Victory House and all "resorts" like it, maintained by the Defense and State departments in occupied lands. Victory House is a huge and sumptuously furnished baronial residence captured from the Nazis. Instead of converting it into something useful like a hospital, or an orphanage to house some of the tens of thousands of illegitimate children spawned by our occupation heroes, it was transformed into a super-exclusive rest house for VVIP's—very, very important people, like General Grow.

A small army of servants (among whom, it is now abundantly clear, are Soviet agents) in addition to an American managerial staff, plus a constant guard of military police are needed to run the place. Occasionally, junketing congressmen, visiting bigwigs, "business leaders" on a European trip, and a few other chosen souls are permitted to spend several days in the plush atmosphere of Victory House recuperating from the "rigors" of occupation duty or from the pleasures of Frankfurt night life. Most of the time, however, it is empty of guests. But the heavy upkeep costs continue, with the American taxpayer footing the bill. This is fantastic and scandalous.

RECENT news stories state that the vital goal of West Germany's integration, so urgently recommended by General Eisenhower in his recent report, is being seriously

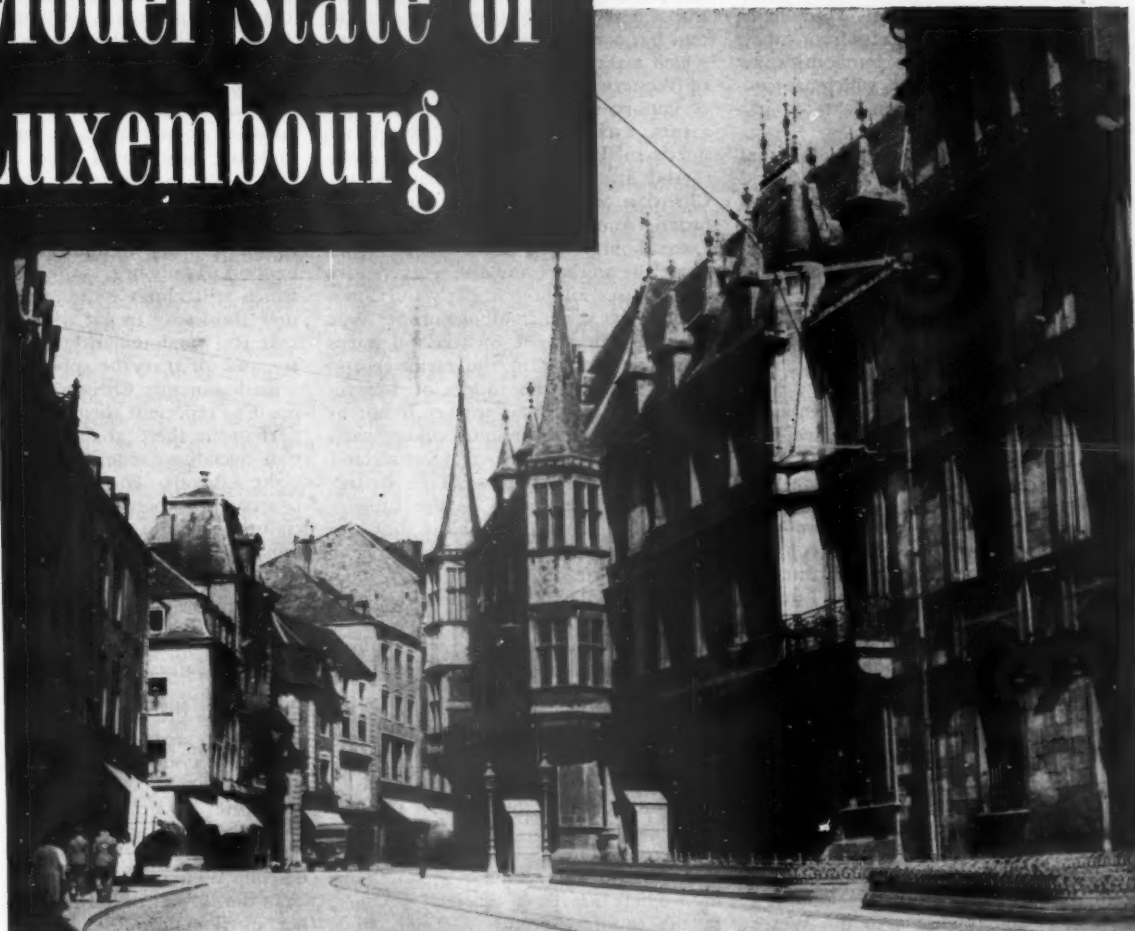
Occupation Costs and the Taxpayer

hampered and delayed because of official refusal to give up certain luxuries and privileges, like Victory House, that are enjoyed by our civilian and military occupation personnel. For instance, according to official governmental figures, there are 25,000 domestic servants employed by the U. S. Army in Germany alone. The number of servants employed by the State Department for its functionaries has not been revealed. Thus it is that 14 per cent of the total occupation cost is for servants.

Is there any sane reason why a married sergeant, or a second lieutenant, should have a house, a cook-maid, a governess, and a furnace man-gardener paid for by the hard-pressed American taxpayer? Colonels and petty officials do even better in this new American bureaucratic gentry that is emerging in occupied territories. The higher one's position, socially or officially, the more luxurious the living standards.

It is argued that to rescind these and other privileges, ranging from reduced railroad fares and telephone rates to private sailing yachts, would seriously "damage the morale" of our pampered occupation personnel and demean them in the eyes of the local populace. It is passing difficult to understand how it would damage the morale of a corporal to pay full fare to ride on a train, or of a captain to have to tend his furnace himself or pay for a handyman out of his own pocket like any other citizen. And if the respect and esteem of occupied peoples are so desirable and necessary, then less rather than more official extravagance and luxury is the answer.

Model State of Luxembourg



The Home of the Rulers: the unpretentious Grand-Ducal Palace

Following the social teachings of the Bishops, the little Grand Duchy has become the model of all Europe with a standard of living that rivals the U. S.

by
LEONARD J. SCHWEITZER

THE independent Grand Duchy of Luxembourg has only 291,000 inhabitants. The country itself, a rough rectangle about forty miles one way and twenty the other, located where Belgium, France, and Germany meet, is only a dot on the map of Europe. But this tiny state offers abundant proof that intelligent pursuit of Christian principles, plus good will, are better guides to political and social harmony and prosperous living conditions than mere size.

There has been neither a strike nor a lockout in Luxembourg since 1921. Before that, industrial peace was broken only once in this century, and that was a railroad stoppage that lasted one hour in 1920. The country has no unemployment problem. Right now there are exactly fourteen Luxembourgers out of work. If it had such a problem, the unemployed would be generously cared for under what Luxembourgers proudly

claim is the world's most advanced social security program—supported, be it noted, almost entirely by private enterprise, both capital and labor.

Living standards in Luxembourg for all classes of the population are head and shoulders above those for the corresponding classes anywhere else in Europe. In fact, Luxembourgers maintain, and most American visitors agree, that their living standards are second only to those of the United States. This claim is supported by both statistics and observation. Nowhere else in Europe can members of the working class eat meat every day if they choose and possess homes with refrigerators and bathrooms.

The Luxembourgier even has one great advantage over the American. Here all expenses of the Federal Government come home to roost on the taxpayer's stoop sooner or later; hence our

high rate of taxation. But in Luxembourg the taxpayers supply only 22 per cent of the country's yearly expenditures. All the rest is paid for by industrial firms and corporations which make annual license payments—from their profits—for the use of Luxembourg's raw material resources, all of which are considered state property on lease to private entrepreneurs.

But please don't get the idea that Luxembourg is a rural paradise and therefore immune from the problems brought to the world by the industrial revolution. It's simply that Luxembourg has solved these problems ethically and with justice to all social classes. Actually the country is highly industrialized. Steel and iron production is the great source of its wealth. Its belching blast furnaces produce three million tons of steel a year, which places Luxembourg seventh in rank of the world's steel-producing countries but first in rank on a ton per capita basis.

Some comparisons will be illustrative. In our 3,000,000 square miles, we produce more steel than any other country in the world, large or small. But we produce less than one third of Luxembourg's total on a per capita basis, while Germany, on the same basis, has less than one fifth of Luxembourg's production and Soviet Russia, the workers' paradise, less than one twentieth.

That steel production, based on the good fortune that Luxembourg has within its borders some of the richest iron mines in the world, is a phenomenon of great importance to the free world in its struggle against Communism. War today is waged on the basis of industrial might, and Luxembourg's steel gives added muscle to the West's industrial strength.

But fortunately for the Luxembourgers, theirs is not a one-industry country. Besides steel and a small amount of coal, the Grand Duchy produces high-grade fertilizers in quantity and has a rich and thriving agriculture which makes it one of the few countries of Western Europe to be independent of imports for its people's food requirements. Luxembourg is even able to export a small amount of meat and grain.

And it's all done the harmonious, Christian way. There's neither totalitarian tyranny nor unbridled license in Luxembourg. The industrialists don't sweat the workers and the workers give their bosses an honest day's toil for a decent day's wage. In all of Europe, none but the workers of Switzerland earns more for a week in the factories and mines than do the toilers of Luxembourg. But the Swiss worker is not as well off as his Luxembourg counterpart, because the cost of living in Switzerland is tremendously higher. The British worker earns as much as the Luxembourger on a monetary basis, but the cost of living is at least 20 per cent higher in Britain. The French worker draws about 30 per cent less pay and still has to meet much higher prices.

It was not always so in Luxembourg. The present era of prosperity stems from about 1870, when the discoveries of Sidney G. Thomas, a British chemist, made it possible to exploit Luxembourg's iron ore for the first time. At that time, the country was a semi-sovereign state, loosely attached to the German Empire by a customs union. The population is of mixed French and German origin, with the German element predominating. There are three official languages in the country: French, German, and Luxembourgish (which boasts that it is

a separate tongue like Dutch or Flemish but is even more closely allied to German than these), but the literary language in which most books and periodicals are printed is German. Nevertheless, the Luxembourgers never had fondness for their Germanic connections and preferred to go their own way.

Because the country is obviously too small to defend itself, in the past Luxembourg has steered clear of alliances and called itself neutral. But the mere act of saying that it was neutral was not sufficient to save it from invasion twice in this century—in both World Wars—hence Luxembourg, unlike Switzerland, which still clings to its neutrality, has now thrown in its lot with the West.

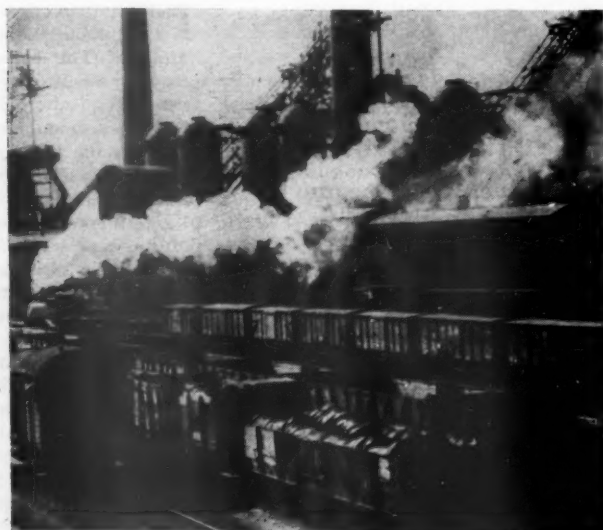
It is a predominantly Catholic country, and for years the voters have chosen a predominantly Christian Social parliament to represent them. In the present parliament there are twenty-two Christian Socialists, nineteen Socialists, and eight Liberals. The governing Cabinet is a coalition between the Christian Socialists and the Socialists, but power remains firmly in the hands of the first party, whose two chief representatives are Premier Pierre Dupong and Foreign Minister Joseph Bech. It is freely said in Luxembourg, and not contradicted by the Socialists, that their party is not a revolutionary one and indeed cannot be because the industrial workers who support it are firm Catholics and will tolerate no ideological nonsense from the Socialist leaders.

Despite its size, Luxembourg today has taken its place in the forefront of those nations which are determined to defend Western Christian civilization from the Bolshevik hordes. It is a member of Benelux (the Belgian, Dutch, Luxembourg customs union), NATO,

Left. A busy steel mill. This little country ranks seventh among the world's great steel-producing nations.

Center. Luxembourg's small army has sent twice as many volunteers to Korea as requested by the U.N.

Right. The farmer and miner meet in Luxembourg, where farms instead of slums surround the many steel mills.



the Council of Europe, and will participate in the European army soon to be created. Of course, its tremendous steel production makes it one of the essential members of the Schuman Plan authority to regulate Western Europe's steel and coal production.

And many of the other nations of Western Europe could borrow a certain leaf from Luxembourg's book. When the call to arms was sounded to rush troops to the side of our hard-pressed boys in Korea, only Luxembourg responded unstintingly. No other of our allies has put as many troops into the field as they ought. But Luxembourg sent twice as many *volunteers* to Korea as the UN requested from her.

This in itself is a little thing, because the population total is so small that the Luxembourg contingent could only be a drop in the bucket at best, but it is an indication that the people of this important little country stand solemnly behind their obligations. No small share of the responsibility for this forthright attitude can be attributed to Foreign Minister Bech, who sets an example for enlightened diplomacy that may well be followed by other foreign ministers in Western Europe.

Bech is considered by many well-qualified observers to be one of the West's great assets in the diplomatic struggle going on to unite Europe so it can bear its fair share of the burden in the silent conflict with the Kremlin. One of our leading American representatives in Europe, a man whose job it is to try to reconcile the conflicting interests of our European Allies in order to conserve the aid we are pouring in to the old continent, told me that his job would be immeasurably simpler if Bech, by some miracle, could exchange posts with one of the Great Power ministers.

"Bech," this man said, "is a citizen of Europe first. He thinks clearly and is free from partisan quibbling or nationalist bias. I wish they were all like him. The problem of building up Europe's defenses would be child's-play then."

Historians like to debate whether the times produce the man or the man the times. Without taking credit from Bech for his farsightedness and splendidly co-operative attitude, it is nevertheless possible to argue that his many diplomatic virtues stem from the sensible, Christian-influenced heritage of his environment.

Luxembourg is a civilized country. Long ago, Luxembourgers learned that it was better to solve thorny questions by discussion and compromise—they learned that it was easier to sit down around a conference table than to rage at each other's political and social concepts on the street corners.

It all started after the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. That war placed Luxembourg in an enviable economic position. France's industry, particularly her iron-producing capacity, was crippled by the war and also by territorial losses to Germany. Luxembourg's iron and steel therefore found a ready market. But with the market there also arose the problems of the industrial age. What are capital's and labor's fair shares of the products of industry? Everywhere else in Western Europe that is a question which has not been solved to this day to anyone's complete satisfaction.

But when the debate started, Luxembourg happened to be blessed with a particularly wise and judicious citizen who, fortunately, was in a position that commanded respect and attention. Msgr. Adames, Bishop of Luxembourg, beloved by the entire population for his piousness, his charity, his tolerance, his

learning, and his love for all his people, was also a student of social conditions. In that capacity, he realized that only through social harmony would there be enough wealth in the tiny country for all to share together and live in plenty.

So it was that Msgr. Adames counseled both labor and capital wisely and each was tolerant of the other's prosperity. Then the good Bishop was called to eternal rest in 1887. But again Luxembourg was fortunate. His successor, Bishop Johannes Josephus Koppes, was just as interested in his country's and his people's problems and just as capable of helping to bring about an equitable solution. During the crucial years from 1887 to 1918, while Luxembourg's steel industry was growing to enormous proportions, every step of the way was guided by Bishop Koppes' useful advice. Both the industrialists and the workers knew that the Bishop had no axe of his own to grind and that his only concern was the general welfare.

IT became the custom in Luxembourg to call for the Bishop's good offices whenever a dispute arose that could not be settled by a half hour's across-the-table talk between industry and labor. Bishop Koppes, quite unofficially, became a sort of impartial arbitrator of all industrial disputes and his advice was found to be fair by both sides. It was Bishop Koppe who suggested that labor must be free to strike but must never abuse that right for picayune purposes. On the other hand, he pointed out to labor that without a prosperous industry its own best efforts would come to nothing.

When Bishop Petrus Nemmesch succeeded Bishop Koppes right after the (Continued on page 73)



the PROUD WOMAN

One moment of triumph would be ample repayment to the old woman
for her back-breaking hours of toil. For revenge is
sweet to a pride-filled soul

by
MAURA LAVERTY

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM RUTHERFOORD

THE old woman cleared the breakfast table sullenly, hugging to herself the memory of last night's quarrel, when bitter words had passed between herself and her daughter-in-law. There was resentment in every move of her meager body as she piled the dishes in the tin basin and poured water on them from the heavy, ash-coated kettle. She had the kitchen to herself, for her son had gone out to yoke the jennet, and his wife was in the bedroom, getting herself ready for the road. The couple were going to Newbridge for the day to buy a churn.

Presently the young wife came out of the bedroom. She was a neat-figured girl, and she looked smart in her costume of navy serge. Her round face was bright and eager below the red beret, and her brown eyes were dancing. She was delighted with the prospect of the jaunt to Newbridge, and her mother-in-law's bad humor did not upset her.

"Won't you boil yourself an egg for your dinner, mother?" she said kindly. "And there's cold potatoes and a few rashers in the press if you'd like to fry them."

"A cup of tea will do me, thanks," the old woman said, and self-pity made her voice tremble. The girl went to the kitchen door. She stood there, pulling on her white cotton gloves, and looked up at the sky over which were scattered dingy-looking white clouds like untidy bundles of washing.

"It looks changeable," she said in a worried voice back over her shoulder. "I wouldn't be surprised but it would rain tonight."

Just then her husband came around the side of the house, leading the jennet. He was a tall young man, spare but healthy-looking, with small merry blue eyes and a brown, long-jawed face. He, too, was delighted to be having this day's respite from work. He had stuck a dog rose in the lapel of his gray coat

and it gave him a gay holiday air. His wife continued to look at the sky.

"I'm put out about the turf, Patrick," she said. "There's a good half-day's heaping to be done on it yet. By rights, I should be on my way to the bog this minute. It's a mortal sin to leave the footings on the ground to get drenched."

"Don't be worrying yourself, girl," her husband said indulgently. "Up in the cart with you, and think of nothing but the day that's before you."

"Good-by, mother," he called gaily. "Don't run away with a soldier before we come back."

"God be with you," came the old woman's voice from the kitchen. The blessing came mechanically, like a Christmas wish from a shopkeeper.

When the dishes had been washed and put back on the dresser, the fire mended, and the floor swept, the old woman took her beads from the pocket of her skirt. She twined them around her swollen, knotted fingers and sat down by the fire. But she did not pray. She was still thinking of what her daughter-in-law had said to her yesterday when she had come home to find the fire out under the pot of pig's food. "Aren't you the useless old woman?" she had cried, flying into a temper.

She shook her gray head slowly, and the easy tears of old age came to her eyes and dribbled down her cheeks. "It'd serve her right if I walked out of the house on her and went into the Union," she muttered vindictively. A little smile of satisfaction came on her mouth as she thought of the humiliation which that would bring on Annie. "She threw her mother-in-law out of the house and the creature had to go into the Union," the neighbors would say. "Mary Byrne, a decent respectable woman like her, to end her days in the Union."

A useless old woman, was she? Well, well! So it wasn't enough to knit and

clean and bake? Maybe she ought to go out and snag turnips as well! Or maybe Annie would like her to go out and work on the bog.

She stopped rocking and sat still as a stone, her eyes narrowed, and her mouth tightening . . .

She slipped her beads in her pocket, and got up from her chair as quickly as the rheumatism would let her.

It was after twelve when she reached the bog. She felt fresh enough, for she had to walk only a half-mile or so of the road. Mylie Keogh had caught up with her and had given her a lift the rest of the way. He helped her down when they reached the turf bank.

Shading her eyes with her hand, she stood on the roadside for a minute and looked at their turf. In spite of her bitterness toward Annie, she had to nod in admiration of the girl's work. The circular heapings had been beautifully done; each sod placed at a precise angle to support another; the whole a miracle of loosely balanced building calculated to snare both sun and wind. In hip-high symmetrical pyramids, the heapings stretched away up the turf bank. They ended about thirty feet from the top. Here began the little low footings that still remained to be heaped.

The old woman stepped carefully across the bridge of scraws that spanned the narrow brown stream dividing the bog from the road. She threaded a zig-zag way between the heapings with the heavy, uneven step of the old. To her right, a woman and a young boy were working. The woman wore a man's check cap. The child wore an old felt hat with a hole in the crown through which a tuft of his fair hair sprouted like a wisp of hay. When they saw the old woman they stopped working. The child took off his battered hat and examined it seriously. The woman called out a genial greeting, grateful for an



She stood there, pulling on her white cotton gloves

excuse to straighten her back even for a moment.

"Did you come to see how the turf is getting on, Mrs. Byrne?" she called.

"Faith, I didn't, Polly," the old woman answered, trying to sound jocular and lighthearted. It wouldn't do to give Polly Daly anything to talk about. "I got tired of sitting with my heels in the ashes, so I thought I'd come out and see if I could keep my hand in."

"More power to you! There's nothing like a bit of hard work for keeping you young." She bent again to the sods and the old woman continued up the bank.

Arrived at the spot where the heapings ended, she laid her bottle of milk and her paper-wrapped bread-and-butter in a tuft of heather. She took a safety pin from the bosom of her jacket and, lifting the hem of her heavy black skirt, she lapped it around her waist, pinned it at the back, and bent to work.

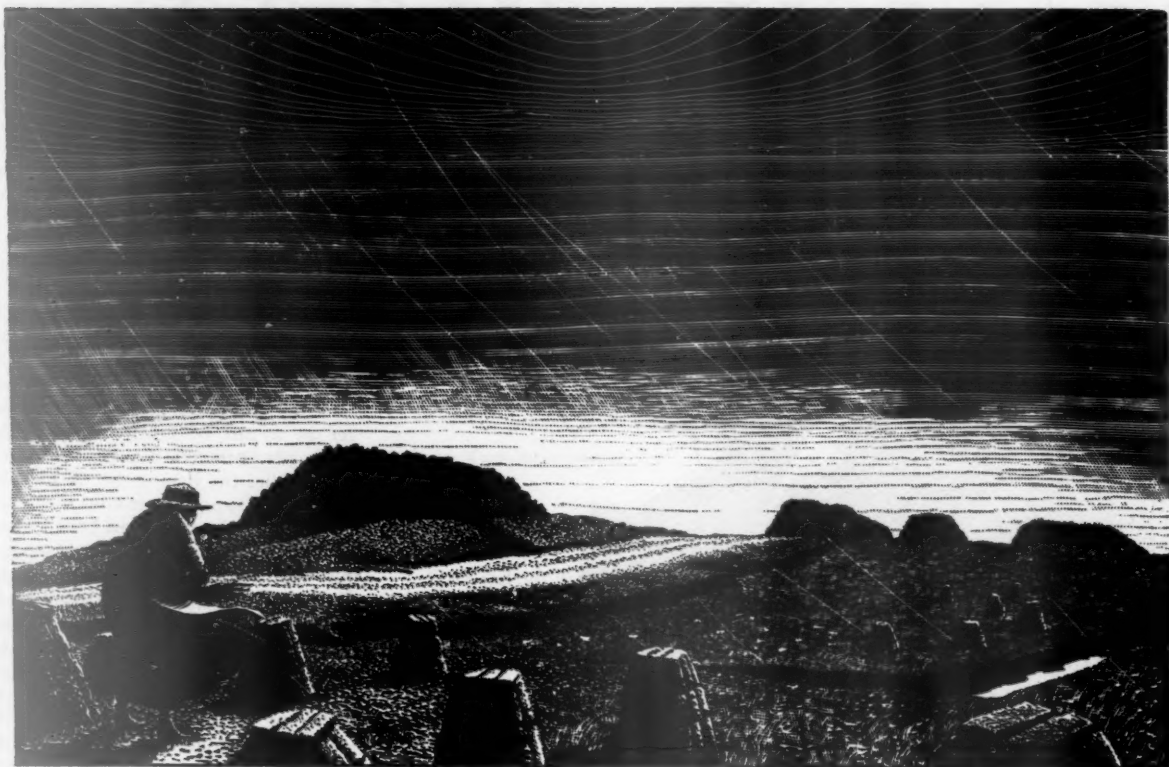
IT was over ten years since she had worked on the bog and she had forgotten the knack of it. The rheumatism had made her fingers stiff and awkward. After a few heapings, her movements acquired a certain rhythm, though the lifting of the sods came hard on her wrists. She was glad that it was heaping that she had to do and not footing. Had the sods been any heavier with damp she would not have been able to lift them at all.

She took six footings to a heap. There were many who said that you should take ten. Lazy heapers, she called them. The six were better. They made a smaller heap that gave the sods a better chance to dry out. Annie always took six, too. A warm feeling came over her at the thought of Annie's face when she would tell her, and her mind leaped forward, planning the scene. . . .

She carefully laid the top sod in place on her eleventh heaping.

While she had been working and dreaming, twin pains had been born in her back, one just over her kidneys and the other between her shoulder blades. They were insignificant at first, but with every sod she lifted they gathered malevolence, and when she bent to start work on the twelfth heaping they leaped up and struck suddenly and viciously. She gasped in a long-drawn sigh that fluttered out to a mere breath as the pains withdrew, leaving her shaken and a little frightened. She worked on doggedly.

Maybe she would not tell them at all. Maybe she would let them come out to the bog after supper and find it out for themselves. She saw herself sitting on the settle-bed, knitting, when they returned. "Mother, the queerest thing—it beats out! I left a good half-day's heaping to be done, but there's not a



Maybe she would let them come out to the bog after supper and find it out for themselves

footing left—every sod of it is heaped. Who could have done it for us?" She would just give a quiet little smile and look down at her knitting. "Oh, mother, you don't mean to tell me. . . .!"

A breeze sprang up in the bog, a mischievous breeze that fluttered the old woman's skirts around her thin legs, puffed wisps of hair in her eyes, and tried to pull her straw hat from her head. It sent a sighing shiver over the whole bog, tearing the bog cotton and ready grasses this way and that and making the tufts of heather strain and dance in a frenzy of rage. The breeze pushed impudently at the bog willows, flicking over their leaves with a susur-rus that said: "Have a look at these for a sham! Lovely green on the outside—sickly gray underneath!" The willows shook furious branches.

"It looks like rain, Mrs. Byrne."

The old woman started. She had forgotten that there was anyone else on the bog. Slowly and painfully, she straightened herself and turned around. The Dalys had finished the heaping of their turf. The woman was putting on her coat. The little boy was down at the roadside, fastening the ass's harness.

"We're going home. Come on and we'll give you a lift. God knows, you've done enough for today."

Every bone in the old woman's body clamored for rest.

"I won't go yet awhile," she said.

Polly Daly shrugged. "Good-by, then. We're off, for we're mad with the hunger." She swung down the bank on her strong red legs and got into the cart with the child. The woman watched them go. Then she collected her bottle of milk and her bread, and lowered herself onto a tussock of heather to eat her lunch. Too fatigued to enjoy the food, she ate and drank mechanically. When she had finished, she sat listlessly for a few minutes, but when she saw the postman ride past on his bicycle she rose stiffly and slowly to her feet. Already half-past three?

The sods seemed to have doubled their weight since noon. The pains in her back were so bad that she faltered many times and wondered if she should not give in. The afternoon dragged itself sullenly away to make room for the evening. The pains multiplied. The six o'clock Angelus rang out but its chiming conveyed nothing to her.

The white-blotched sky of the morning had now become a leaden, threatening gray. The breeze redoubled, its playfulness gone, and roamed now with a steady menacing gustiness over the bog. One by one, the other workers left their banks and went home.

When the last sod had been placed on the last heaping, she felt no exultation, no relief, nothing but a great

desire to drop down on the turf bank and sleep. But a few drops of heavy rain fell on her, and she felt the wind and the leaden sky and the loneliness of the deserted bog. She longed for the kitchen and the fire and the company of her son and her daughter-in-law. She thought of the three long miles before her as she tottered toward the road, all her limbs trembling, her back bent double as if she were still working.

She did not see them pull up the jennet, jump down from the cart, and come running up the turf bank to meet her. They were within a few feet when she saw them, dressed as they had been when setting out that morning.

"You're wearing your good clothes on the bog," she said dully. She swayed a little. "Your Sunday clothes on the bog?" she repeated stupidly.

"Mother!" Her son's voice was full of concern. "Why did you do it?"

The old woman's mind cleared and she remembered everything. Now was her moment of victory. Scorning the fierce soreness of her back, she drew herself up proudly, raised her eyes to her daughter-in-law's face and opened her lips to speak the scathing words. But then she saw Annie's eyes and the tender compassion that was in them, and she faltered and hung her head.

"The heaping's finished, Annie," she whispered humbly.



Bettman Archive photos

Quakers driven out of Massachusetts by Puritans

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY

in Colonial America

It existed only in Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, and—while Catholics were in control—in Maryland. Everywhere else it was outlawed

by **THOMAS P. NEILL**

IN a previous article (April, 1952) we discussed the attitude of the original Protestants of the sixteenth century toward religious liberty, and we saw how untrue is the legend that they advocated religious tolerance or that they fought for political and social freedom. The American version of this Protestant legend, as one American historian puts it, is "that the pious founders came over to the wilderness to establish here the principles of civil and religious liberty and to transmit the same inviolable to their remotest posterity." Especially are the Pilgrims and the Puritans venerated for their godliness and their goodness, and we are

told that the salutary American principles of tolerance and democratic freedoms all came in some mysterious fashion out of New England.

The last fifty years of historical scholarship have shown how far from true is this American version of the Protestant legend popularized for over a century in textbooks throughout our country. It is our purpose here to see what competent historians now agree on as to the religious policies of the early American colonists, how these policies differed from one area to another, and how they came to be modified through the two centuries of colonial history. It must be remembered first of all that the

picture is not a uniform one about which general statements can easily be made. Different colonies were established for different reasons, and sometimes the settlers did not have the same motive as did the organizers of the venture. The early religious policy of each colony was determined to some extent by the prevailing attitude of the mother country, but each colony still made its distinctive modification of the general English policy. And finally, the religious policy of each colony altered, sometimes even changed violently, throughout the span of colonial history.

Nevertheless some generalizations can be made as an introduction to the more

specific consideration of each group of colonies. In the first place, historians now agree that the religious motive for English emigration to the new world has been disproportionately emphasized in the past. William Penn and Lord



Thomas Dongan, Catholic, author of New York's Charter of Liberties, 1683

Baltimore did establish their respective colonies primarily as a refuge for Quakers and Catholics who suffered severe hardship under the English penal laws. But many of their settlers, perhaps a majority, emigrated for other reasons, chiefly economic. The Pilgrims and the Puritans had mixed economic and religious motives. A typical group, the Puritans were organized as a joint-stock company to exploit the wealth of the new world, but a large proportion of its emigrants were recruited mainly on the grounds that they would be free to set up a theocracy along the general lines of Calvin's Geneva. In the middle and southern colonies the economic motive was clearly predominant—except for Rhode Island which, as we shall see, was founded as a refuge for some of those who could not conform to the established religion of the Massachusetts Bay Colony.

In the second place, the seventeenth century was an age when religion was of tremendous importance in the average man's life. Therefore, as one recent authority has expressed it, "the village clergy exerted an influence that is today almost incomprehensible." Their age "admitted of no separation between church and state, or the toleration thereby implied." This was an age, then, when as a general rule religious toleration was neither given nor expected. There were exceptions to this rule, notably Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Rhode Island, but they were looked upon as novel and dangerous "crank" experiments by the solid kind of citizen found in Boston or Charleston or Hartford. The colonists brought an air of

intolerance with them from England. Instead of diminishing it here in America they usually intensified their native English intolerance.

As a final generalization: after about 1660 the severe religious intolerance of the early colonists was somewhat softened. A degree of religious leniency was forced upon the unwilling colonists by the last two Stuart kings, Charles II (who was almost certainly a Catholic when he died) and James II who was the last Catholic king of England. The Stuarts had mixed motives, which need not concern us here, but during their almost thirty years' reign (1660-1688) the colonies were ordered to take a number of steps in the direction of general religious freedom. After the "Glorious Revolution" overthrowing James II and bringing William and Mary to the throne, there was a religious reaction directed especially against "papists" and such non-Christian groups as Jews and Socinians. So Stuart gains for religious toleration were partly lost in the settlement that put William and Mary on the throne. Nevertheless, through the eighteenth century, both in England and in the colonies, there was a gradual diminishing of religious intolerance, sometimes by repeal of the harsher penal laws, but more often by ignoring the law and shutting the official eye to forbidden religious practices.

THE Puritan settlers of New England wanted to build a city of God on earth where His will would be done down to the last detail. Their plan was to set up in the new world a commonwealth in which the civil magistrates would enforce standards of conduct and articles of belief formulated by the Puritan divines. There was no thought of separation of church and state, and the toleration of different beliefs or practices was the farthest thing possible from their intention. Such a lenient religious policy, they held, was not only a sign of weakness; it was a sign of wickedness and it was contrary to God's plan. "God do no where in His word," one of the Puritans expressed it, "tolerate Christian States to give toleration."

Nor was any given. Every American schoolboy knows how Roger Williams was expelled in 1635 from Massachusetts Bay Colony for dissenting from the established beliefs, but it is not so well known that in the eyes of the authorities one of his worst offenses was holding that the state had no right to punish individuals for their personal opinions. Even more excitement was caused in this colony by the trial of Anne Hutchinson and John Wheelwright, the popular Boston minister who followed her "erroneous" teaching. The prominent historian John D. Hicks has summarized

the importance of their trial in these words: "The verdict of the Court stated succinctly the Puritan theory of intolerance, that 'two so opposite parties could not contain in the same body without hazard of ruin to the whole,' and banished the offenders from the colony."

Roger Williams and Anne Hutchinson were perhaps the best known victims of Puritan intolerance, but they were far from the only ones. Quakers who came to the colony were deported, and four of them who returned after being expelled were executed. Others were tied to carts and whipped from town to town until they had crossed the colony's borders. Intolerance against religious dissent of any kind in Massachusetts Bay grew to phobia when "papism" was involved. John Endicott, for example, cut the cross out of the English Union Jack because it smacked of "popery," and in 1659 the observance of Christmas was made a criminal offense on the grounds that it was an idolatrous "Romish" custom.

Puritan intolerance was general to all the New England colonies except Rhode Island. This colony, founded by such dissenters from the established faith as Roger Williams and Anne Hutchinson, did not require church membership as a qualification for voting, and freedom of conscience was guaranteed to all citizens. The charter obtained from Charles II in 1663 was far in advance of the age; it allowed everyone to follow his conscience in religious matters.

Maryland was begun partly as a business venture but principally as a refuge for Catholics in the first half of the seventeenth century. George Calvert, office holder in England and friend of James I, had been interested in the



William Penn (1644-1718), founder of Pennsylvania, most tolerant colony

economic possibilities of America from the beginning. But after his conversion to Catholicism he conceived the idea of establishing a colony where his fellow Catholics could practice their religion freely. The plan was put into action by his sons, and in 1633 Maryland was established by the Calvert family. Most of the leaders were Catholic and most of the laborers were Protestant. For this reason and because they had experienced the hardship of intolerance in England, the Catholic leaders formulated a tolerant religious policy. In 1649 the Maryland Assembly passed their historic Act of Toleration which provided that "no person within this province, professing to believe in Jesus Christ



G. Calvert (1580-1632), founder of Maryland, first experiment in tolerance

shall be in any way troubled, molested, or discountenanced in his religion, or in the free exercise thereof." Full toleration, therefore, was accorded to all Christians but not to Jews or Unitarians.

The subsequent history of Maryland is a pathetic chapter in the story of religious freedom. In Cromwell's time the Protestants took over control of Maryland, drove the Catholics from office, repealed the Act of Toleration, and passed a series of laws on religion that were even more severe than those in New England. Catholics were not allowed to teach their children, nor to send them out of the colony to be taught by Catholics anywhere; priests were forbidden to preach, to hear confession, administer the sacraments or minister to the dying, or to hold public worship anywhere. The Maryland experiment in toleration was thus short-lived, and ironically as far as the Protestant legend of religious freedom is concerned, it existed only under the Catholics and was abruptly terminated when they were driven from control by the Protestants.

An even more notable example of religious toleration in colonial history is

that of the Quakers in Pennsylvania. Whereas religious toleration in Maryland was a matter of expediency as well as principle, there was no question of political advantage beclouding the toleration granted to all religious groups in Pennsylvania. Quakers could more easily tolerate differing beliefs because they did not attach the same importance to articles of faith as did Catholics, Jews, and most Protestants of the seventeenth century. Moreover, they were opposed to force of any kind. They were consequently—and logically—generous in their treatment of all groups, though Jews and Catholics did not enjoy the same full freedom as did Protestant sects. After the reaction against Catholics under William and Mary, even Pennsylvania was forced to disqualify Catholics from civil and political office and to observe the severe English penal laws of the day. But Pennsylvania was many miles from London, and in that age it was not easy for authorities in England rigidly to enforce unpopular decisions several thousand miles away. So though the Test Act and similar laws were theoretically in force, still Catholics were not molested in the free practice of their religion in this predominantly Quaker settlement.

THE Southern colonists were not as zealously intolerant as were New Englanders, but neither did they accept either the practice or the principle of religious toleration as did Catholic Maryland or Quaker Pennsylvania. Anglicanism was the established church throughout the south; all taxpayers contributed to its support, whether they belonged to another church or not. These colonies generally retained closer ties with the mother country than did the middle and northern colonies, and in religious matters they tended to enforce the English laws against "papists" more consistently than did such colonies as Pennsylvania or New Jersey.

The prevailing attitude toward Catholics and dissenting Protestants (those who "dissented" from Anglicanism) was therefore pretty much the same as the official English attitude expressed by the Test Act, the Oath of Supremacy, and such other laws requiring religious uniformity. Catholics were thus denied civil and political rights in all the southern colonies. From time to time, one colony or another passed additional laws against non-Protestants. Thus at one time Catholics were not allowed even to enter the State of Georgia, and Virginia provided that anyone suspected of "papism" should take the Oath of Supremacy.

As we have seen, the first general moves toward mitigating religious intolerance in the colonies originated in

England and were forced on reluctant Americans by Charles II and James II after the Stuart restoration of 1660. The Rhode Island charter granted by Charles II in 1663 allowed all men to follow their consciences in religious matters. In 1679, New Hampshire granted liberty of conscience to all Protestants, but added to the English laws against Catholics a required declaration against the pope, the Mass, transubstantiation, and such traditional Catholic practices as devotion to the Blessed Virgin and prayers to the saints. Even in Massachusetts Bay a measure of tolerance developed toward the end of the seventeenth century. That colony's charter of 1691 gave an additional measure of toleration to dissenting sects.

By 1700, there were nine Baptist churches in New England and a Baptist had been president of Harvard College. The famous Cotton Mather preached the sermon at the ordination of a Baptist minister in Boston in 1717, and in the course of his remarks he deprecated the earlier religious persecutions. The new tolerance extended only to Protestants, of course, and it was limited even in their regard to a condescending forbearance of dissenting groups by the established church of each colony. So it was in the southern colonies. In 1682, for example, Quakers were permitted to practice their religion in Charleston, and five years later the Huguenots were allowed to found a Calvinist church in this principal village of South Carolina. Both groups, however, had to support the Anglican church.

The limits of this new tolerance are well indicated by the example of New York, a colony that under a Catholic governor appointed by the Stuart King, Thomas Dongan, was more generous toward dissenting groups than the mother country thought wise. The New

Charles II, of England, patron of religious liberty in colonies



York Charter of Liberties of 1683 provided toleration for all Christians, Catholics included, but for some reason the charter was never ratified by the English Government—probably because it exceeded the limits considered prudent by the colonial authorities in London.

The reaction under William and Mary did not revert to the full measure of early seventeenth-century religious intolerance. The settlement reached near the end of the century tended to give freedom of conscience to all Protestants, to allow a certain measure of private worship to others—such as Jews, Catholics, and Unitarians—but to deny them civil and political rights on religious grounds. The new religious laws, both in England and in the colonies, usually singled out “papists” for special penalties. In this respect, the colonies tended to be more severe than the mother country. Ex-governor Dongan and other Catholics were run out of New York, for example, when news of the “Glorious Revolution” reached the new world, and a number of Anglican churches were sacked or burned by those Protestants who thought the established church smacked too much of “Romanism.”

FROM the “Glorious Revolution” of 1689 until the American Revolution in 1776, there was a general increase of religious tolerance in the colonies—as there was in more pronounced fashion throughout most of the European world. The penal laws against Catholics remained on the statute books, but they were enforced with less vigor than formerly and often enough they were simply ignored. Catholics and other non-Protestants could not hold office throughout the eighteenth century, but they were generally not hunted out if they practiced their religion with a measure of prudence and secrecy. They enjoyed more freedom in some places than in others, notably in Pennsylvania and Maryland, but nowhere were they subject to the same searching and vigorous persecution to which the seventeenth-century colonial governments had subjected them. A formidable social intolerance still prevailed, but even this grew less rigorous almost everywhere throughout the eighteenth century.

The reasons for the gradual diminution of religious intolerance in colonial America are part of a wider story than we are concerned with here. But we can sum them up somewhat as follows: The original religious groups lost their initial zeal as a kind of eighteenth-century secularism seeped into their congregations. Religious practice tended to decline into formalism as the colonists put more emphasis on worldly af-

fairs throughout the week and appeared in church on Sunday because “respectable” people did not stay away. As a result, religious-minded people were ready for the evangelical revival of the eighteenth century, a movement in Protestant circles which stressed the emotional aspect of religion and its personal purging effect rather than correct doctrine. Such groups could more easily tolerate each other because religion was a subjective experience to them. It did not matter much what another believed or did, as long as he did not interfere with your personal religious experiences.

The eighteenth century, moreover, was a period when rationalism and deism were making strong inroads on religion in Europe and in its frontier here in America. Rationalism lessened the influence of ministers over their congregations; it restricted religion to the pulpit and stifled its influence on secular life. This new trend of thought denied Revelation, and thereby it made religion a product of man's thought. As a result, articles of faith became fewer in number, vaguer in content, and subject to much disputation among thinking men. They were no longer regulations laid down by God governing man's

• I have never heard anything about the resolutions of the Apostles, but I have heard a great deal about their Acts.

—Horace Mann

relationship to Him. Such an attitude toward religion naturally had no place for intolerance—except perhaps for those who were strong-minded about their religion. At any rate, rationalism and its accompanying deism, which resolved God into an impersonal force of some kind, tended to generate an intellectual climate in which a condescending tolerance was accorded to all religions. One was about as good as another—and none could make a serious claim to being right.

One other major factor worked toward increased tolerance in the eighteenth century, both in the colonies and in Europe. This was the increasing number of religious sects. As religions multiplied in number, it became more and more difficult to maintain a substantial majority in any one faith. More and more people belonged to one minority group or another, until in most cities at least, the population was made up entirely of religious minorities. This condition was more marked in the colonies than elsewhere because of immigration in the eighteenth century. Scotch-Irish Presbyterians came to America, as did

German and Scandinavian Lutherans, a few Catholics from Ireland and some from French Canada, and from England came all sorts of splinter religious groups.

Late in the seventeenth century Dongan had reported: “Here be not many of the Church of England; few Roman Catholics; abundance of Quakers preachers men and women especially; Singing Quakers, Ranting Quakers; Sabbatarians; Antisabbatarians; some Anabaptists; some Independents; some Jews; in short of all sorts and opinions there are some, and the most part of none at all.” A society composed of such a mixture of religions as this had to adopt religious tolerance as a matter of expediency—and even if the old penal laws were kept on the statute books they had to conform to the practical policy of live and let live. Thus did tolerance gradually grow in eighteenth-century colonial society.

But religious tolerance was still confined pretty much to Protestants during the colonial period. As late as 1775, John Adams wrote from New England that “we have a few Roman Catholics in this town, but they dare not show themselves,” and Bishop John Carroll reported that the Catholic religion had not penetrated beyond Maryland and Pennsylvania by the time of the Revolution. Catholics, elsewhere, were few in numbers; if they remained faithful to their religion they suffered under the common civil and political disabilities of the age, which generally precluded them from such rights of active citizenship as voting or holding office.

COLONIAL historians have given up the old legend that the early settlers were champions of religious liberty. The hard factual information their researches have uncovered causes them to agree that it is either naïve or dishonest to hold such a view. The New England Puritans were the most intolerant of all, for they firmly believed that they were the Elect of God to whom His plan for man's earthly life was revealed by a special dispensation, a way of life they enforced down to minute detail on both the Elect and the unregenerate alike. The Southern colonies were less fanatic in their intolerance, but for them too there was no thought of liberty for those who dissented from the established faith. Only the Quakers in Pennsylvania and the Catholics in Maryland made any real effort to allow religious freedom, and even in these two colonies popular opinion was against religious liberty. English colonists came to America to enjoy the free practice of their own religion—but they had no intention of allowing such freedom to any other sect within their jurisdiction.



THE HOURS OF THE PASSION

The Agony in the Garden



Wood engraving by Bruno Bramer

"And falling into an agony, He prayed the more earnestly"

The first in a series of twelve articles in which some event in the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ is devoutly recalled for each hour of the day

THE Middle Ages, the ages of Faith, produced a most practical devotion in the Book of Hours. These were prayer books with a thought for each hour of the day. They were profusely illustrated for the benefit of the many devout souls unable to read, as well as for the devotion of the learned.

From earliest times there has been a tendency to associate the scenes of the Passion of Christ with the hours of the day and night. Such a pattern gave orderliness to one's reflection. It gave ease to recollection and a change from the tedium of superficial repetition.

In the primitive Church we had the watches of the day and night, modeled after Roman military practice, which eventuated into the "hours" of the Divine Office.

Medieval Christians preferred the Passion for the meditations in their Hour Books.

In the painfully stilted atmosphere of the Counter Reformation the "Clocks of the Passion" appeared. These represented the face of a time-piece, on which a scene of Christ's Passion was stated conformably to the hour. The antique devotion was telescoped.

Even in modern times this device has been used, as for example, in Father Gallway's book *Watches of the Passion*. In these meditations, however, the idea

of the Book of Hours will be followed, as a merely mechanical device.

The historical Christ, our Blessed Lord, was of course true God and true man. So spontaneously did He unite Himself with us that He chose "Son of Man" as His own preferred title. Although this title was first applied to the God-man by Daniel (7:13) Christ used it of Himself more than seventy times in the New Testament.

Another interesting sidelight is the fact that our Redeemer not only identified Himself as a man in the world but He constantly associated Himself with, and circumscribes Himself by, time. He limits Himself frequently to the present by saying, "now." He even goes further and speaks of the very hour of things. He places Himself or things in the hour over one hundred times.

Thus when we call Our Lord "The Man of the Hour," it is not totally for effectiveness. It is as it were by His own choice and preference. It is done in these meditations, because time has proved that the association of scenes from the Passion of Jesus with the hours of the day and night has always been an easy and ready means to increase and

foster true devotion in the hearts of the Christian faithful.

In our present way of speaking we refer the expression "man of the hour" to one who at the moment is riding the crest of a wave of popularity, due to his daring or efficiency or appeal to the general public. But how quickly the hour of a man passes. Daring gives way to dotage, efficiency to incapacity, and the appealing diffidence of youth to the dependence of old age.

There is only One Man whose courage is forever. Only One whose effectiveness increases with the time. Only One who never ages, and Whose hour is forever. And this is "the Man, Christ Jesus." (1 Tim 2:5) His courage is a lesson for all who suffer, His daring a challenge to every man. His work on the Cross so efficacious that it moves beyond earth to heaven, beyond time to eternity. His appeal as a loving Saviour, who died forsaken and alone in the flower of His youth is also an ideal after which the hearts of all are drawn. "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all things unto myself." (Jn. 12:32)

Jesus Christ is the Man of the Hour. Every hour is His triumph.

Roughly speaking, the Passion of Our Lord began after His discourse at the Last Supper, when He went out to

by JUDE MEAD, C. P.

the Garden of Gethsemani. Christ the God-Man set down once and for all the nature of this dread hour when He said to His enemies:

"This is your hour, and the power of darkness." (Lk. 22:53)

It was about midnight when Jesus came with His chosen band of Apostles to the seclusion of the Garden of Olives.

The paschal moon is now on high. It floods the Garden of Olives with a misty light. The trees spin lacy shadows across the rocky land. We see a group of tired men, oblivious of the beauty of the night. They are asleep. A little further on we see three more men, Peter, James, and John. Like the rest of the Apostles, they too are asleep. Alone, there is one Man who watches and prays. It is the Lord.

The silence of the night is broken by an anguished cry. "My Father! If it be possible, let this chalice pass from Me. Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt." (Matt. 26:39) Then the God-Man turns to His chosen three. They are asleep. "Could you not watch one hour with Me?" He asks them, and then returns to His lonely vigil.

Like an echo that would not be dissipated, again His prayer is heard: "My Father, if this chalice may not pass away, but I must drink it, Thy will be done." (Matt. 26:42)

A second time He finds His disciples asleep. Only the moon, the stars, and the gnarled trees are willing to watch with the lonely Christ.

"And being in an agony, He prayed the longer, and His sweat became as drops of blood, trickling down upon the ground." (Lk. 22:43)

This is the scene of Christ's agony in the garden. This Man who is prostrate with sorrow and bathed in His own blood is the Son of God. What is this awful mystery that has come to pass?

Jesus Christ is about to begin His Passion. Even now His enemies are on the way against Him. He could escape. He could summon twelve legions of Angels. He could strike dead anyone who would dare to approach Him. But no. He will do nothing to save Himself. So He waits alone in the moonlight. He awaits His Passion. This is why He had come into the world. This is to be the crowning glory of His life.

But death is a hard thought for any man. And Christ is perfect man as well as perfect God. A violent death, known beforehand, makes the thought of death even harder. An undeserved death, death for crimes one has not committed, is the worst outrage a man can endure. So the innocent Christ

waits His death. His violent death. His violent and undeserved death. The spiderweb pattern of trees, silhouetted against the sky, remind Him of the dragnet closing in about Him, ever nearer and nearer. It is the hour of darkness and of the Prince of Darkness.

Is it any wonder that Our Lord is sorrowful? Is it any wonder that He collapses to the ground under the strain? Is it any wonder that He cries out to be delivered from this catastrophe? His mind, His will, and His Sacred Heart repress the dreadful fear that encompasses His body.

HE sees all the wickedness of a wicked race envelop Him. He feels all the sins men commit by speech choking at His throat. He is nauseated by the picture of the sins men commit by thought. Impure thoughts, murderous thoughts, hateful thoughts. He is the all-pure God, and yet He must suffer for these vile abuses of the intellect of man. His body is tortured as it repels all the sufferings it must endure to atone for the sins which men have committed, and will commit, against their own bodies, or the bodies of others. Truly He is in an agony. There is no one to help Him. His best friends are asleep. The night wind sighs. The very trees shudder. The dry earth drinks His blood.

Then, as if the thought of sin were not enough to convulse His sacred frame, the thought comes to Him of the thousands for whom He will suffer in vain. The men and women for whom His death will be useless. Those who love sin and perish in it. The night is pierced with sobbing. Sobbing from the Heart of God. With a great cry, with blood and sweat and tears, Jesus Christ is struggling alone against fear, sin, death, and Hell. What a spectacle!

An angel comes to encourage Him. Slowly He rises. He looks as white as a corpse from the loss of blood. He is shaking as a reed in the wind. His agony is over. He will face death alone. He has submitted His will to the Father's, becoming obedient until death.

St. Vincent de Paul recommends blessing the hour as a sure means to recollection of spirit. When the clock strikes, his spiritual children were to be mindful of God's presence, offer Him anew the work at hand, and beg

grace to carry the work to perfection.

In this first hour of the Passion of Jesus Christ, what an example we behold! This first hour is cleansed and sanctified with the Blood of Jesus. This first hour is offered unequivocally to the will of God. In this first hour is grace and fortitude poured out by the ministering angel.

For many souls, the first hour of the day is the hardest hour of their lives. To arise from sleep and to face the vexing, sometimes seemingly insuperable obstacles and problems of everyday routine. For the sick, there looms long hours of loneliness and conscious suffering. For workmen, jobs that are hard and unloved but necessary to support their family or parents. For mothers, endless household tasks—the children, and the inroads on their patience. For those in unhappy and even unholy situations, the dread of another day to be lived with their unhappy selves.

What is the answer? Moderns tell us it's a musical alarm clock, a breakfast in bed, or a dry cereal that will explode in your face and thus brighten your first waking hour. But these are material and childish substitutes for reality for a materialistic and childish generation which dreads reality.

However, real things come easy to Christian people. If the first hour of the day is your rough hour, don't look down for help but look up. Offer the first hour to God in union with the first hour of His Passion. That hour which He dreaded beyond all else. That hour in which He tried to have His burden eased. That first lonely hour when He accepted the will of God at so great a cost to Himself that His very blood burst His veins.

Make the first hour of every day your best hour by uniting it with Christ in the Garden. Show Him that you are willing to watch with him. Drive out sleep and despair with the strength of the Passion. Be mindful that God will not ask of you the great things He asked of His only Son. Be resigned to the will of God. In the first hour offer Him every thought, word, and action of the day and your reward will be peace.

Many things heretofore left undone will be accomplished because they are being done for God. Many useless and sinful things will be avoided, as we wouldn't dare to offer God such works as our debt to Him. Get off to a good start. Our Blessed Lord tells you—"This is your hour." (Lk. 22:53) Make the most of it. Keep the Man of Sorrows as your model. Follow in His footsteps, and make Him the Man of the Hour, for every waking hour of your life.

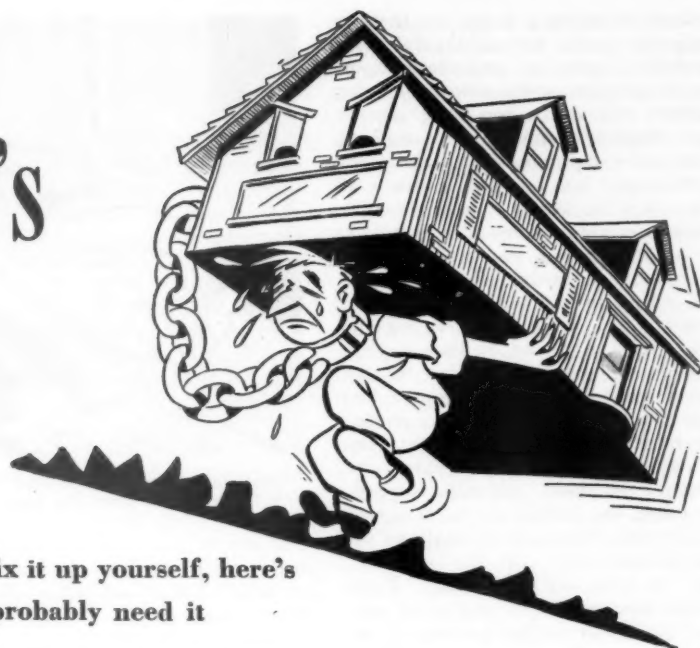
REV. JUDE MEAD, C.P., is an author and missionary. BRUNO BRAMANTI is an internationally famous Florentine artist, specializing in wood engraving. He spent years in Palestine studying the places where Christ lived. The wood engravings illustrating these articles were made especially for this series.

Householder's Headache

by TOM BERNARD

If you're planning to buy a house and fix it up yourself, here's some good advice—and you'll probably need it

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK EVERS



I WOULD like to tell you about the day I lost a leg for eighty-five minutes and how I discovered that "blue babies" aren't necessarily born that way and that there is a distinct relationship between fighting fires and hanging wallpaper and that it is always a good idea to seat special guests under chairs.

Don't for a minute think that I am trying to be facetious. I'm simply offering advice to all the millions of families who are thinking about going out to Hogwallow Manor—or its local equivalent—and buying a new home and, with the superb but ungrounded confidence of the uninitiate, intending to "fix the place up ourselves and save a lot of dough." I give you my blessing, my condolences, my lists of plumbers, plasterers, electricians, carpenters, stonemasons, and general handy men in advance. If you want the mortgage, it's for sale—cheap.

If you detect a note of discouragement in these first few paragraphs and feel that I may be harboring a resentment against a particular structure and its demands, you are entirely right. You see, I have been what is euphemistically known as a "householder" for the past couple of years. I sat down at a long mahogany table in a bank one day and blithely signed away all my rights to all my earnings for the next twenty-five years. Brand new shack. Modern, post-war, lovely neighborhood, and everything else that comes wrapped up in the package advertised in the real estate pages of your Sunday newspaper.

Within a few months—three later than promised—I moved in, sat on the orange crates which constituted our furniture after the vultures had stripped us of all possible funds, and chirped to my wife: "Just think of it! Only three hundred more monthly payments and it will be all ours. We're householders!"

The wife admitted to some mild elation after verbally wondering how comfortable hardwood floors would be for sleeping. Later, as the floors got harder, she brought that term "householder" up again.

"Are we holding the house or is the house holding us?" she asked, brushing aside several moldy eviction notices. "It seems to me that the house is not only holding, it's running away with us."

Now I had always considered the house—a brick-fronted, expansion attic, full cellar, full-plot bungalow on New York's Long Island—a fairly stable structure. But, after sober reflection on my wife's words, I realized that it had turned into a galloping runaway, leaving us with nothing more than a set of dangling debts in our hands.

We Bernards weren't greedy folk. All we wanted was a few amenities such as one would expect to find in the average American home. Such as a crib for my then infant daughter, Suzanne. Through the months of turmoil we had managed to put aside a few precious dimes toward the down payment on the child's bed. Early one Saturday afternoon Mrs. Bernard gathered Suzanne

and her brother and set off to look for a suitable crib. It was my job, in their absence, to remove some make-shift furniture from the nursery and store it in the attic to make room for the hoped-for purchase.

For an hour I struggled, trying to bend stubborn articles around corners, through narrow hallways and up precipitous flights of stairs. At last I emerged on the narrow catwalks of the attic, puffing, reddened but relieved. Slowly I dragged the remains of the furniture to one side of the attic. One more push. I heaved, stepped back for leverage and lost my leg.

One hour and twenty-five minutes later I heard the front door open and a cheery voice call: "Tom, Tom, we did it!" I repressed an impulse to reply, "Like hell you did. I did," and waited.

It took them only a few minutes and then the wailing set up like that of a flock of banshees in a County Cork castle. I understood.

For just above the spot where Suzie's new crib was to be installed dangled my leg and scattered over the entire room was plaster and insulation and shards of lathe. Trapped by the projecting edges of building material, I was unable to move. I could only dangle.

After two hours, a carpenter, cop, doctor, and sundry self-designed assistants, I lay quietly in my bed, informed that the damage to me was much less than that to the house and that the costs of rebuilding the ceiling would more than eliminate any ideas of a new crib.

Costs of buying a house are nothing compared with the additional sum needed to make the improvements on certain portions of the place which the builder will assure you have already been improved. And there is nothing needs more improving than paint.

We moved into our little domicile of debt early in May. It gleamed with white trim, blue doors, blue shutters. By August, anyone who walked along the side path reached the back yard with a head of hair covered with giant, economy-sized dandruff. A rap on the door spread a carpet of blue on the doorstep and covered the face of the person requesting entrance with a fine spray that converted him into a reasonable facsimile of a fugitive from Mars.

Everything chipped. The eaves, the dormers, the doors, the sills chipped. We called the builder. "Aw, ya signed the contract, didn't ya? Whadda ya expect, Rembrandt?"

So we went out scavenging. From friends, new neighbors, and a fire sale in a burned-out hardware store, we assembled a motley collection of grays, robin's-egg blues, Navy blues, aquamarine blues; creams, eggshells, off-whites, white-whites, and just plain whites. A family consultation resulted in a decision that we must mix.

AN additional foray to a near-by delicatessen resulted in the acquisition of two ten-gallon kosher pickle cans to be added to our loot.

On one side of the kitchen sink we stacked our mess of half-used, scorched, and rusted cans of paint. On the other we placed our pickle tins.

First my wife selected a can of Navy blue. In it went. I cautiously added a fire-blackened can of gray. Then we poured in blue after blue of every shade. We soon found ourselves stirring a bilious concoction which certainly no self-respecting designer would apply to anything more important than the underside of a carpenter's workbench.

Twenty minutes of stirring made little improvement. We ladled out a pint of the stuff and went out to test our mixture. I swabbed one panel with it. We waited, stood off a few paces for inspection, shuddered, walked still farther away, cringed, stumbled across the street, turned, then ran away.

Have you ever returned to your home and heard the screaming of wild Indians issuing from it? Of course you have — what parent hasn't? So we didn't think much of it. We just shielded our eyes from the painted panel and strolled casually into the back yard. Have you ever — creeps! I hope not!

Drooling like lava down the back steps was a sluggish stream of bluish paint. Standing astride a blue-stained



Halfway down, I stumbled and nose-dived onto the lawn

pickle can just inside the door was a grotesque dwarf, screaming gleefully, blue from the top of its noggin to the tip of its little toes. I say "it" because I was unable to establish any identification. Jumping up and down in a puddle of slush which had been our kitchen linoleum was another dwarf, similarly decorated in blue goo.

It took even their mother several shocked minutes to identify the blue babies as our children. It took me much less than that amount of time to identify their posteriors.

Today we have a blue kitchen despite our original intent that it would be yellow. The back porch is blue. There is even a blue tinge to the white paint which covers the trim, the dormers, the sills. My daughter and son are known in the neighborhood as the blue-blonde Bernards.

It wasn't only the plaster, the paint, and the other more minor items that were either improperly or carelessly applied or installed. Such major condiments that go to make up a house as electrical wiring, locks and latches, plumbing, wallpaper, heating system, foundations, and even the studs inside the walls seemed to have been tossed into a mixer, then poured out helter-skelter onto the plot where the house was erected.

Like the back porch. It never was intended to be much of a porch, just a stooplike sort of affair with steps leading from the kitchen door down to the yard. But it was only a few weeks before we discovered the neighborhood kids playing with several bricks that looked suspiciously like they belonged to us. Questioning, naturally, resulted in a blank. That night I started out of the kitchen with a load of garbage. Halfway down the steps I lurched, stumbled, and nose-dived onto the lawn, strewing

garbage over a thirty-foot radius. Automatically, as an ex-Californian, I grabbed the bucket, slapped it over my head and yelled: "'Quake! 'Quake!'"

Later investigation by flashlight disclosed that no earthquake was involved. None too slowly the base of the stoop had been settling into the porous soil, dislodging bricks as it dropped. My not inconsiderable weight provided the impetus to drop it many more inches.

But we've solved that problem. We've just built steps on top of the steps. Of course, we have to add a new step every three months, but we've become so skilled at it that we don't mind any more.

Late one night, only a few months after our occupancy, we returned from visiting friends. Suzie, in an excusably childish rush, dashed into the house, slammed the door behind her. Paul, hungry as usual, tore in immediately after, slammed in his turn. Their mother, anxious to keep damage to a minimum, hustled behind, slammed. I put the car away, charged over the hedge, through the open door. Slammed.

Next morning I headed for work. Waving farewell with one hand I pulled the latch with the other. The resultant racket resembled the third movement of a Spike Jones' symphony. Chunks and bits of brass and steel spouted from the door, rolled and clanked and splattered over the hallway, the porch, the lawn. In disgust I slammed again and the outer handle, as if aimed by some malevolent imp, catapulted from the door and struck me squarely between the shoulder blades as I started angrily off to work.

THAT day Lusa bought a lock and latch. Three nights later, after gouging and ripping and maneuvering, I had it in place. I invited the family outside to admire. The wind blew. Slam. We were locked out.

We spent the night with neighbors. The carpenter and locksmith visited next day.

So we started making lists and talking with neighbors. Every time a repair job seemed needed we would add it to our list hanging in a prominent place on a kitchen wall.

"Hinges on kitchen cabinets.

"New wallpaper in dining room.

"Protruding nails in hall floor.

"Fractured handle on lavatory.

"Emergency oil burner switch.

"Something's wrong with the toilet tank. . . ."

That's a portion of a typical list. In each case we tried to contact a neighbor who had had experience in the type of household repair in which we were interested.

There was one who was sharp with oil burners. After sitting up and shivering through the three coldest nights on record in history's coldest winter because we couldn't get our burner burnin' we called him in. He checked the switch just inside the cellar stairs. "Why, this is simple. Why didn't you call me before? Your emergency switch is out of order. Just need a new one. Simple."

SO I learned how to install a switch. We froze that night. Next day, in desperation, Mrs. Bernard called an expert. For five dollars labor plus three dollars transportation, he informed us that there was another switch in the basement behind the heater and that the previous serviceman probably had shut it off while cleaning the furnace but had forgotten to turn it on again.

Little things like that. Like the neighbor who was an electrical expert. One night we had a radio plugged into a kitchen outlet, along with the refrigerator and the clock and such. Lusa decided to iron. Flash, bang, socko! No lights. We replaced the fuses. Ironing again. Poof! Same thing. Called neighbor.

"Look, chum," he ingratiatingly advised, "a simple fifteen amp. fuse won't carry that heavy load. You'll be far better off if you'll put in a thirty. In fact, why don't you put in thirties in all the sockets? No danger of blowing then." We did.

Four nights later the smoke crawled snakelike from under the molding, crept down the attic stairs, filled the living room with its horror and threat of fire. We called the fire department. Forty-five minutes later, after ripping out yards and yards of wiring, the Chief beckoned me:

"Say, Buster, hasn't anyone told you about fuses?" I shook my head dumbly. "Well, a fuse is used to prevent an overload of an electric line. If you use too many appliances they blow. So you know. That's why you use fifteen amps for average household areas. When you use thirty amp fuses you can overload a line and burn it up. You did."

Burning up, it seems, is an integral part of householdership. Either you're burning part of the place down, some of your repairmen up, or part of your nerves to blackened, fire-shrunken bits of quivering ganglia. There was the night, for example, that I unintentionally put the torch to The Big Wheel, The Great Man.

For weeks in advance we had been preparing for the night my boss was to come out to dinner. It meant big things potentially. Maybe a raise, maybe a new title, maybe a chance at a vice-presidency some day. It was hectic. Until far into the night we scrubbed and polished and prepared for The Great Man's

arrival. Mrs. Bernard bought material and sewed new drapes, and I sawed and hammered and planed until we had a set of cornices ready for the drapes across the picture window.

The day of The Great Man's arrival I lifted the covered cornices and their drapes into place. They hung precariously atop the window mouldings. Cautiously I hammered at the walls, seeking the studs into which I could drive the nails to support the cornice. I found none. I called a neighborhood cornice expert. He couldn't find them.

"Don't worry about it," he advised. "Just pound a few short nails into the tops of the mouldings. They'll hold long enough." I did.

That night we seated The Great Man under the new cornices, between the new drapes, beside the lamp. We couldn't do enough for The Big Wheel. The children brought him drinks and snacks. He beamed and admired everything and I could see his devilish mind working. When my wife said, airily, "Oh, yes, Tom and I did the drapes and cornices," he beamed more broadly. He was thinking, I could tell, "Great-Man-trained men can do anything—absolutely anything."

Little loving Suzie spied his almost empty glass. "May I?" she asked, in her best but most unaccustomed manner. The Great Man nodded. Suzie disappeared into the kitchen, returned in a few minutes with a brimming, ice-filled glass of undiluted spirits. He beamed. He raised glass to lips, gulped. The back of his chair rammed against the wall like a cyclone striking a Kansas town.

Our prized cornices, shaken from their questionable security by The Great Man's lunge, broke from their tenuous moorings and dropped like a spent rocket. Our honored guest's noggin was

in the direct path of the sudden descent.

If anyone knows of a stray job that might be filled by an ex-vice-president-almost, please write in care of THE SIGN.

I did get another job—but I have never been able to shake off the feeling that I had been victimized by the people who erected my home. My wife, a generally benign and understanding individual, has adopted a recent attitude that I am solely to blame.

Her most ferocious argument—and I use the word advisedly—involves a simple matter of papering the walls of the dining room, a neat little space which boasted a plastered wall 3½ feet up from the floor to a chair rail, and was papered from that point up to the ceiling. A simple job. Red and white floral pattern on a green background to the ceiling.

On a sweltering summer night a couple of friends and a few quarts of beer dropped around and after several long glasses and false starts we managed to cover one wall. It looked good. The strips conformed to the pattern. After a few more long glasses it looked real good. We quit for the night.

THE material involved was this new fangled stuff you soak in a basin of water and apply according to directions. But you must, still, line up the pattern. The next Saturday afternoon I decided I would finish the job. I soaked a roll, slapped it on, trimmed it at top and bottom. My wife watched. I soaked another roll. The fire horn blew. I am a volunteer fireman. I grabbed the soggy mass, thrust it into my wife's reluctant hands, told her to "get it on before it dries," and scooted for the firehouse.

One hour and one small fire later I returned. The paper was on the wall, a good two feet of it extending onto the ceiling, another fifteen inches hanging limply below the chair rail. The pattern was about as well matched as a robin and a cockatoo. I tried to explain that the matching was most important, that the paper had been cut for that purpose. I drew a blank.

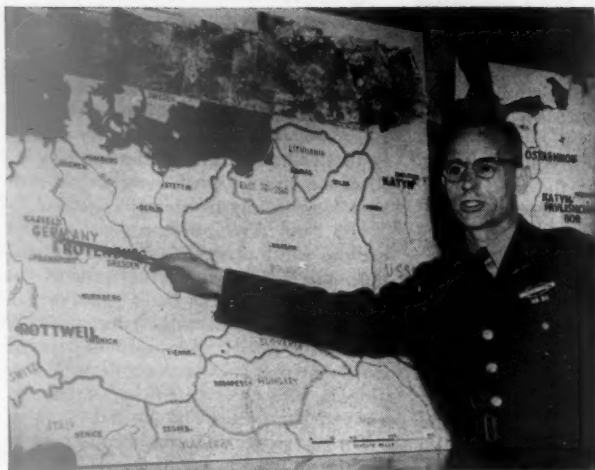
I called my two wall-papering friends. I ordered a dozen beers. We finished it that night but my wife didn't speak to me for days.

No matter how much I argue she still contends that my enthusiastic amateurism is largely responsible for the plight we are in today. I have tried to counter with arguments which, to my mind, prove that the builders were wrong, the neighbors were wrong, the experts were wrong, everyone was wrong. I have tried to argue that I was a victim of unsound advice. But it's no help. It's me. I'm at fault. I can't tell my thumb from my great toe. I'm a dope.

I'm the householder who's got the permanent headache.



In the puddle were two impish dwarfs decorated with goo



Lt. Col. John H. Van Vliet, U. S. Army and prisoner of Germans, testifying before Special House Committee



Lt. Col. Van Vliet demonstrates how Russians shot more than four thousand Polish POW's at Katyn

My Discovery at Katyn

IT was the second half of April of the critical year 1943. I lived in the country, about seven miles from Wilno. During the Soviet occupation, I had given up my profession of writer and journalist, and I took a more appropriate job—that of wagon driver. From the time the Germans took over, I somehow managed to remain undisturbed although the Nazi authorities undoubtedly knew of my whereabouts.

The weather was warm. Springtime. . . . A southern wind had raised the quick-silver in the thermometers. People left their winter coats at home, but they also left behind that hope—the hope of a speedy end of their sufferings—to which they had clung with the coming of every previous spring. At this time, everyone was preoccupied with the news of the dreadful crime so recently discovered near Smolensk. Apart from that, life just drifted on, in discouragement and hunger, dragging along its misery and apathy.

"Since yesterday, Klau has been phoning incessantly. . . . Werner Klau, the head of the Press-office attached to the Gebietskommissariat Vilna-Stadt. They want you to go to Katyn!"

"Some news that!" I said, reaching a decision.

I managed to contact Dr. Sengalewicz, a former professor at Wilno University and the greatest Polish authority in the field of medical jurisprudence. I wanted

him to instruct me and prepare me in theory for what I was about to see.

He showed me illustrations, and explained and commented on the news published in the German papers about the condition of the bodies found at Katyn.

"If the soil is really a mixture of sand and clay it makes it possible that the bodies are well preserved. It forms what is scientifically called 'adipocere.' At first sight, I see no contradictions or puzzles in the German communiqués.

"Oh, yes! Try and find out about the cartridge shells. There's no mention of them in the papers, which strikes me as tricky.

"The examination of the shells is an elementary step in any inquiry following a murder committed by fire-arms."

And so it was in May, 1943, that I found myself in a German "Ju 88," an out-of-date type of plane. With me were three reporters, two Portuguese and one Swede, and a group of ten factory workers from Warsaw, sent by the Germans, to see for themselves and spread the news to their countrymen. It was a propaganda trick which had been practiced for a long time now by the Nazis. We groped our way through clouds heavy with snow, rain, and hail. The journey over a country desolated by war seemed very long. We had to be careful, for as we neared the front line, Soviet fighters might have been

on the prowl. When we landed by the banks of the river Dnieper, in a drizzle, it was scarcely five degrees above freezing.

Everything there was of a rusty red color—the clay and bricks from the shattered houses, the rusty skeletons of tanks and guns and army vehicles scattered about—all the usual decay which follows and surrounds every war. There were very few civilians and those in sight looked shabby and scared. I knew the conditions of Soviet life and I was not surprised that the inhabitants of Smolensk spoke as little as possible.

On the railway running westward from Smolensk to Vitebsk lay the station of Gniezdovo. It was to this station that the Polish prisoners of war were brought in 1940. This is beyond all doubt, and has never been questioned by either side. A road led past the station toward Katyn. On both sides of the road stretch marshy woods, with small birch and alder trees. One's eyes wander indifferently over the wet leaves and branches and the slender stems of the thick brush. But imagination drives one's thoughts, as if in rhythm with the revolving wheels, down this road—"this way, this way, this way . . . were driven these men. . . ."

The sudden grinding of brakes and we slowed down at a gate. Barbed wire cut across the runaway path of imagination. Everything becomes poignantly



International
Lt. Col. Van Vliet at Katyn Massacre site in 1943. He was one of Allied POW's invited to inspect it



United Press Ass'n.
Henry C. Cassidy, former AP correspondent. He inspected Katyn burial pits at invitation of Russians

The opened pit, and at the bottom of it, layers and layers, packed tightly like sardines in a tin—corpses. Newspapers datelining the Soviet Occupation. And letters from home

by
JOSEPH MACKIEWICZ

real. The guard, the drizzling rain, the dripping pine trees. And above all, the ghastly, suffocating, cadaverous stink.

At the time of my arrival at Katyn, all the seven mass graves had been opened and some of them had even been emptied. In others, the work of exhumation was still proceeding. The first thing which struck me was the amount of litter strewn all over the forest around the empty graves. Later on, I found the reason for it, and that was what brought me to my most important discovery.

To stress it more vividly, it is necessary to describe the method of exhumation. The Germans supervised, but the actual labor was directed by members of the Polish Red Cross. The bodies were hauled out of the death pit and deposited in rows at the side. They were next taken, one by one, inspected and thoroughly searched. Everything found was inspected. Anything which was of any value as evidence, as a souvenir for the family, as a help to identify the body, or which had any material value (personal documents, identity cards, diaries, notebooks, letters, photographs, holy medallions, prayer-books, medals, crosses, rings, etc.) was collected in specially prepared envelopes.

But there was one other thing which was thrown away—*newspapers*. Although the International Commission reports

drew attention to the dates of issue of newspapers found on the bodies, they did not sufficiently stress the tremendous importance of these scraps of paper as evidence.

If we know *when*—then we also know *who*. . . .

I went around, and poked with a bit of stick at the newspapers, saturated with the ghastly smell. At first, I did not grasp their immense importance. It was only later, when in my presence they pulled the crumpled newspapers out of the pockets, and when the first second . . . and the fifth . . . and the tenth . . . and every single one carried a date either of March or April, 1940—not until then did the tremendous importance of this dawn upon me. *Głos Radziecki* ("The Voice of the Union"), a Soviet daily, printed in Polish, repeatedly turned up amongst a score of other papers in Russian. As to the dates, there could be no doubt whatsoever. I must stress here that any newsprint was marvelously preserved in those graves. Some of the newspapers were completely legible and the letters stuck out like print on greasy parchment.

Where I could not read the date, I read fragments of news, descriptions of facts, which clearly referred to happenings which occurred in the first months of 1940.

There were no newspapers with a later date. To sum up, the date on these

papers, if one only uses a little common-sense, reveals the date of the crime as spring, 1940. Unless . . .

Unless, before the bodies were publicly shown, their pockets were secretly examined and all later issues of papers removed, but even that would not have been enough. It would have been necessary to replace them with old ones. Which means—as the Soviet version tries to impute—that the Germans would have had to get hold of hundreds of copies of Soviet newspapers printed in March and April, 1940, and . . .

I returned to the edge of the pit from which the bodies were still being hauled out.

"You don't seem very well," said the Swedish correspondent.

I shook my head and stood watching. Before me lay the opened pit, and at the bottom of it, layers and layers, packed tightly like sardines in a tin—corpses. Uniforms and overcoats, belts, buttons, boots, ruffled hair on the skulls, now and then a mouth open in a distorted gasp. The rain had stopped by now, and a pale sun shone into the bottom of the pit, and for a second glinted on a gold tooth. It was ghastly! Arms and legs entangled, everything pressed down as if by a roller. Row after row, faded and dead, hundreds and hundreds of innocent defenseless soldiers, their shapes scarcely discernible in that sticky, slimy mass. Mass! A

word beloved in the Soviet Union!

No! It is absolutely impossible. No human device or technique would enable a search to be made through those pockets, taking out some objects and putting in others, and then to button up the uniforms, and replace and squeeze the bodies again into a mass, layer upon layer! To guess and to choose where to wrap this or that object in specially prepared newspaper with the required date—or to put it as a wad in the boots! Or yet to slip into this one's pocket an ounce of Soviet tobacco wrapped up in a sheet of the *Voice of the Union* printed on the 7th of April, 1940. It is ridiculous. . . . To bury them all again, cover them with the soil (as the Soviet report suggested), dig them up after a month and call in experts to investigate their deaths, to invite and even to strive for a delegation of the International Red Cross to take part in the inquest!

There can be no doubt whatever. They could have been murdered by none but the Reds.

About 3,300 letters and postcards were found on the bodies. Most of them had been sent from their families in Poland, but a few had been written by the prisoners and never sent. None of these letters, none of these postcards bore a stamp or a date later than April, 1940. This is confirmed by the families who maintain that all correspondence was broken off at this time. Of course, the Russians can state they refused permission for further correspondence after this date. But they never claim to have done it, nor is there any reason why they should. Of course they could have done it without any reason. But there is no such excuse for the newspapers, none which could stand the test of simple commonsense.

MY second discovery was not really difficult because the exhumation work was quickly coming to an end at the time of my visit to Katyn.

A man with a Red Cross band on his arm passed me. I went up to him and touched his shoulder. Everything around us stank—the forest and the trees, the sand and the grass, the shrubs and even living men. The air was saturated with the deadly odor. The man I stopped was also saturated from head to foot, and there was nothing about him to distinguish him from the other men about. The black spectacles even concealed the expression on his face. But I felt an urge toward him.

"Isn't there something wrong about it all?" I asked him.

He drew back his arm and turned abruptly, saying: "What do you mean?"

"Something which is not published in the German communique?"

And in one breath, I revealed to him who I was, where I had come from, and what I had come for. The spectacles looked me up and down but I could not read the expression behind them.

"You do understand. I came here to know—" I stressed.

"Yes, well—in the first place, the wrong number—"

At that time, the figure of ten to thirteen thousand bodies had never been questioned. The Germans held to it obstinately, and stressed it in every official statement.

"You mean—there aren't as many?"

"Of course not!" He shrugged his shoulders.

"Altogether we have dug up seven mass graves. Here, as you can see, there are few untouched layers. But we have already reached the bottom. Over there, where the subterranean water has gathered in the small grave where a few greenish corpses float, there might be another fifty. To be quite on the safe side, I should put as the highest possible figure, 4,500. But not a body over that."

"Then why do the Germans maintain their high figure?"

"They have choked themselves with their own lie. They can't withdraw their original figure without discrediting all their propaganda. They probably knew the total of missing prisoners, and took for granted that they were all buried here. You ought to know the Nazis."

I NODDED and he continued. "Well, there you are. Now they are desperately digging the whole hill up, turning it inside out in search for more. . . . But all they find are single skeletons in civilian clothes, probably Russians."

"In which case . . . where can the others be?" I asked automatically as if this man in the dark spectacles could know any more than I did. He made an indescribable sound and spread out his arms in a sweeping gesture, over the graves, over the barrack in front of which the workers had lighted a fire to warm themselves. In that gesture, he seemed to embrace the subjects of my own thoughts—the whole of that vast space from the Arctic Ocean to the endless deserts of Asia. An enormous space. . . .

Where were the others? Today we know the Soviet Government seeks to avoid that question at all cost. That is why it clings so desperately to the wrong number given by German propaganda. But in May, 1943, this news was still a revelation.

The cartridge shell mystery was solved

JOSEPH MACKIEWICZ, Polish journalist, visited Katyn Wood in 1943, when the Germans announced the finding of mass graves there.

in due time. I was watching the dissection of a body in which the bullet had apparently stuck. Dr. Wodzinski retrieved it with his lancet and I put out my hand to inspect it. The same young man in dark spectacles whispered:

"Oh, they won't let you have that. Nor any cartridge case."

A German major was standing at my side, and I asked his permission to take it. He weighed the flattened piece of lead thoughtfully in the palm of his hand. In the end he handed it over.

"Ja, ja, das koennen sie behalten" (You may keep it).

"You were lucky," whispered the man in the dark spectacles.

It was most striking the way this important question was hushed up by German propaganda, and even more striking that it was not taken up by the Russians. How could it possibly have been unobserved by the ever watchful magnifying glasses of Russian propaganda?

The ammunition with which the Polish prisoners had been murdered in Katyn was—of German manufacture!

THE empty cartridge shells were all made by "Gustav Genschow and Co.," a factory in Dürle near Karlsruhe (Baden). The consequences were disastrous from the point of view of German propaganda. The Nazi authorities in charge of the exhumation were stunned by such a discovery. Probably they were given instructions to hush the truth as discreetly as possible until further light could be thrown on the question. Later on, we learned the sequence of events.

It appeared that after the Treaty of Rapallo, until about 1929, the "Genschow" works supplied large amounts of ammunition to Soviet Russia. Simultaneously large quantities of the same ammunition and arms were purchased by Poland and the Baltic States. After the Russians had occupied half of Poland, great quantities of that very same ammunition fell into their hands.

The genuine amazement shown by the German authorities has a deep significance. . . . If they had committed the crime for propaganda purposes, as the Bolsheviks maintain, they would either have used Russian ammunition, of which they had a plentiful supply after the defeats of the Red Army, or they would have otherwise prepared an answer to that puzzling question. They would never have allowed themselves to be taken unawares. The Nazis could not be so naïve as that in questions of criminal efficiency.

I made one further discovery at Katyn which, though indirectly, throws further light on the identity of the true

culprit. It was the scores of Jewish names which appeared in the lists of victims published by the Germans.

Whoever is acquainted with that blind, raving, anti-Jewish propaganda of the Germans, may well imagine how reluctantly they must have made the concession of publishing scores of Jewish names on the list of the Katyn victims! The same propaganda which so obstinately identified Bolshevism with Jewry.

In German-occupied Poland posters were plastered everywhere announcing the Katyn massacres as a crime committed by "Jewish-bolshevik hangmen."

And at the same time, on the lists of the Katyn victims published by the Germans were: Engel Abraham, Godel David, Rosen Samuel, Guttman Izaak, Zusman Ezechiel, Frenkel Izaak, Bernstein Fejwel, Press David, Nirenberg Abraham, Hirshtritt Izaak, etc. etc. . . . And these were supposed to have fallen at the hands of those who were "without exception" Jewish assassins!

THE contradiction is too striking and embarrassing for German propaganda. If the Germans were, in any way, to falsify the Katyn documents, as the Soviet version implied, they would undoubtedly have started by crossing off the Jewish names. What easier than to hide the documents of Joseph Lewinsohn, of Gluckman, Epstein or Rosenzweig and to label their bodies as "unidentified?" And yet they did not do it. They could not—because of all the witnesses they themselves had invited. They could not falsify the identity of scores of bodies dug up in the presence of Polish Red Cross delegates and foreign reporters. They were only too keen for all possible light to be thrown upon the massacre of Katyn Wood because . . . for once, the guilt really was not theirs.

After I had returned from Katyn I was often asked to describe my "feelings." Undoubtedly they were feelings of the kind usually described as "blood chilling." Piles of naked corpses arouse disgust. Piles of clothed corpses arouse awe. Perhaps because the threads of their clothes still bind them to the life of which they had been deprived, the contrast is stronger. The victims unearthed at Katyn were nearly all soldiers, mostly officers. Their uniforms had an eloquence which was tremendous, especially for a Pole. Medals, buttons, belts, Eagle emblems, military crosses. It was a slaughtered army—one could even say the flower of an army. In any other place, such a gathering of the finest sons of a nation, fallen in battle dress, would be inscribed in the historical annals, perhaps claimed to have been a battle

which decided the fate of a continent. Maybe a defeat, but one to be praised and sung by bards, and acknowledged with bowed head by a gallant foe. But what torments the imagination most of all is the individuality of every murder, multiplied to that loathsome mass. It is worse than the extermination of crowds in gas-chambers, or their annihilation by machine-gun fire, where in minutes, or even seconds, hundreds of lives can be destroyed. Here, every single man died slowly, each one waited for his turn to be dragged toward the deathpit, a thousand after a thousand—perhaps in the very sight of the victim, the bodies of his comrades were arranged in the grave, in rows, tight rows, stamped down by the boots of the oppressors in order to make room for *him* . . . And then he in turn was shot in the back of his head. Every body which had been hauled out of the grave before my eyes

• Behind every argument is someone's ignorance.

—Louis Brandeis

had had its skull pierced through from occiput to forehead by a bullet, and each was an exhibit of martyrdom—the fright and despair joined to all those last thoughts, of which we, the living, can know nothing at all.

Many had their hands tied with string, always with the same masterly knot. Some had their coats thrown over their heads and tied around the neck to form a bag which was filled with sawdust to silence the cries.

But the individuality of each corpse even more convincingly cried from the various little objects which were kept until the last moment, and letters which have remained alive—alive with every single word still legible.

A burning curiosity fills me to seek for the names which I remember—for people that I know . . .

Ciszewski Tadeusz. No. 1690. I knew him.

Anton Konstanty, Capt. We sat on the same bench at school.

Wierszylo Tadeusz, Lieut. No. 233. Teddy . . . Who would not remember Teddy? A lawyer, rather touchy on the subject of his growing paunch.

Names . . . Names . . . Names . . .

And here is . . . Peter . . . my brother-in-law. Always, always, gay and smiling. My memories are bathed in that smile of his—as those dripping pine trees are bathed in rising mist.

The next one, No. 1079. Kodymowski Stanislaw Marjan, Lieut. A letter written to his wife and never posted.

His paybook. A civil servant's identity card. Certificate of inoculation No. 1260. I never knew him.

The next . . .

Letters, letters, letters . . .

Letters from their families, most of them still legible. Many written by the prisoners themselves while still in Kozielsk and never posted. About 1650 letters, 1640 postcards, and some eighty telegrams were found on the bodies. Not one letter, not a single postcard or telegram bore a date later than April, 1940!

Anyone who has not held these letters in his hand—these human thoughts retrieved from a mass of rotting corpses—can perhaps treat the Katyn case as a platform for political bargaining, and form his judgment accordingly. Anyone who has read them, a handkerchief to his nose and mouth because of the ghastly smell—while standing over the body of the "dearest" to whom they are addressed—can have no hesitation whatsoever as to his duty. "To thrust the truth down the throats of the entire world. To shout it aloud!"

I MUST admit my eyes were blurred with tears, caused neither by the stench nor the protective smoke of bonfires.

It was on the third day of our stay in Katyn. We had returned from the graves, full of the hideous sight of piles of rotting bodies—a sight to which we were already becoming accustomed. Here everything was clean, and through the shining glass we stared at the faded postcards. They were written in large calligraphic writing. Children's letters to their fathers.

8th January, 1940. Dear Daddy! Dearest! Why don't you come back? Mummy told me that with the colored crayon I received from you for my birthday . . . I don't go to school now because of the cold. When you return you will be glad to discover that we have a little dog now. Mummy has named it . . . Filus . . .

. . . Czes.

12th February, 1940. Dear Papa, the war will surely end soon now. We long for you so much and we all kiss you and hug you with all our might. Irene has cut her hair short and Mummy was very angry. Do you live in a warm house, because we are short of fuel? Mummy wanted to send you warm woolen gloves but . . . In April, we shall go to Uncle Adam's, and I will write to you from there . . .

In April . . . In April, 1940, the dearest Daddy of Czes and Irene's Papa were shot through the back of the head.

I LEARNED about wedding music the hard way: by playing it.

For two mid-depression student years I eked out life as organist of Thorndyke Hilton Memorial Chapel at the University of Chicago. In fall and spring, our bull market seasons, any Saturday with less than eight weddings was a slow business day.

The job had enviable working conditions. The organ loft opened off the dormitory floor where I lived and the organ bench was not visible to the people in the chapel. Many a formal morning wedding at which the bride wore white satin and the groom wore striped trousers and an oxford gray coat also featured the organist in stunning seersucker pajamas and striped cotton bathrobe.

There were more positive benefits, in addition to the miserly two dollars which represented my cut of the take. At Plan D weddings, the luxury class, a caterer was included in the fee. (I went with all weddings from Plan B on. Plan C added a nondenominational minister, potted

palms, and so on up.) The ice cream for these spare-no-expense nuptials came in the forms of little brides and grooms, frozen more solid than the Mt. McKinley glacier, so that they would keep their shape until the reception worked around to dessert. The caterer and I quickly became lifelong friends, and I never ascended to the organ loft for a Plan D without stuffing my pockets full of little pistachio and maple characters. By spreading them on top of the console, at the point of greatest vibration, I had them electronically thawed by the time I had worked through "At Dawning" and Grieg's "I Love You."

It's a good thing that the work had these little compensations, for otherwise it was not all milk and honey. It isn't that I don't like brides. I love brides. And if I were a florist, or a caterer, or a department store stockholder, or an entrepreneur of limousines, I would dote on brides. But as a former church organist I am forced to take a slightly jaundiced view of the Misses Ponds-

Woodbury with whom I came in contact.

As I look back over my old wedding repertoire, these frequently requested titles come to mind: "At Dawning," "O Promise Me," "I Love You Truly," "In a Monastery Garden," "The Rosary," "The Indian Love Call," "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life," and "One Alone." The operatic repertoire, widely popular, included "Un Bel Di" and "Vissi d'Arte" from *Madame Butterfly* and *Tosca* respectively. "Danny Boy," which was then enjoying a great vogue, although Irish brides were naturally scarce at good old nondenominational Thorndyke Hilton Memorial, remains most firmly embedded in my memory of those days. It was while I was thumping through it for the fourth wedding one Saturday afternoon that the mother of the groom suddenly swept to her feet in a swirl of maribou and roared in a voice easily audible to the end of the Midway, "Stop playing that!"

Never has "Danny Boy" modulated so quickly into a Franck choral. Now

A wedding should look beautiful. Here's how
to make it sound beautiful too

Heard any



here. I thought, was certainly a woman of firm musical conviction. Not the ideal mother-in-law type, perhaps, but at least one would always know what she was thinking. After the wedding, an unidentified lady who had been watching the proceedings from the steps of the organ loft (I am afraid she was an uninvited relative) buzzed up to me and said in a confidential tone, "Never mind, young man. It's just that her husband used to sing that, and now she can't stand it!" I have pondered this statement for years. There seems to be several interpretations open.

Only once that I remember did a bride request the "Liebestod." *Tristan and Isolde* was not in my organ repertoire, nor was there a satisfactory organ arrangement of the "Love Death" to be found. In the end I made one myself, a real rip-snorter that took hours of practice to bring to its full effect. Special arrangements and extra practice were not usually included in the fee, but I was determined to give this sensitive, if slightly morbid, Wagner-loving bride her money's worth. The day before the wedding she called in a great flurry. "Say, Mr. Hume, did I say Liebestod when I talked to you before? I'm sorry.

My girl friend told me wrong. It's *Liebestraum* I want. By Franz Liszt. You know, it goes tum-tee-tee-tumm-tum-dee-tumm-dee-dum-dum."

I knew how it went. Brides are mad for it.

Most of my customers seemed to work on the theory that if a certain piece of music had any special or personal significance for them, it automatically became suitable wedding music. Or, as one bride murmured into the phone one day, "Would you play 'The Desert Song?' They were playing it the night we got engaged. It's our very favorite song!"

The impulse at such moments was always to say, "That's great, honey. I bet your husband's favorite shirt is a red plaid with a number seven frog-finished flat-fish hanging from the lapel. But wouldn't it look great at the wedding!"

Wedding music becomes hard to take when it reflects the sentimentality rather than the sentiment of the occasion. Music of the I-Love-You-Really school does not, except by a chance fluke, turn up at Catholic weddings, for the simple reason that it is not allowed there. But occasionally something as expressly for-

bidden slips by, usually because neither bride nor organist is on speaking terms with the *Motu Proprio*. Sometimes these slips, too, pass under the guise of old favorites—an old favorite hymn, perhaps, which the bride has been singing at May processions since the age of six, and which is as antagonistic to the Church's teachings on sacred music as anything by Sigmund Romberg at his juiciest.

From the secular, how-much-space-can-we-get-in-the-newspaper viewpoint, a wedding is a highly social event. But we know that it is primarily a solemn liturgical function, blessed by a lavishness of grace which the Church reserves for only a very few occasions. To such solemnities the words of the now Blessed Pius X seem to have special application: "Sacred music should possess in the highest degree the qualities proper to the liturgy, in particular, sanctity and goodness of form. . . . It must be holy and it must be true art, for otherwise it will be impossible for it to exercise on the minds of those who listen to it that efficacy which the Church aims at obtaining in admitting into her liturgy the art of musical sounds." It is hard to keep these words

good weddings lately?

by
PAUL HUME

Paul Hume, music critic of the Washington Post, offers the fruits of his long and varied experience

Selections can be made which reflect the sentiment rather than the sentimentality of the wedding ceremony



Photos by John Jay Dray

out of one's mind while listening to a wedding soloist rendering "Like a Strong and Raging Fire," followed by Melotte's "Lord's Prayer."

Many brides who are perfectly willing to have the best and the most appropriate music throughout the ceremony cannot bring themselves, when confronted with the beginning and the end of it, to make the break from the Messrs. Wagner and Mendelssohn. And so strong is the feeling toward these favorites that many pastors, being kindly men, are willing to overlook the Church law which specifically outlaws them from polite liturgical society. "I just wouldn't feel married without the Lohengrin wedding march!" a bride once told me. I wonder how she thought all those brides who were married before 1850 managed to make it legal.

The joke about the Lohengrin Wedding March is that it isn't the Lohengrin Wedding March at all. The real music

which accompanies that ill-starred alliance comes at the end of the second act, as the unhappy couple enter the church. The third-act bridal chorus which has come to be called the Wedding March is actually sung by a muted chorus which accompanies the two into their chamber. It was not intended to have any rhythmical march-like quality and it does not. Although every church organist plays it frequently, it actually takes exceptionally fine playing to make an organ arrangement of this predominantly string-scored music the least bit effective.

WHAT are some substitutes? I suppose every organist has favorites and waits for a chance to use them. The works of Purcell and Handel (particularly the latter's organ concerti) are filled with march rhythms which provide a perfect blend of solemnity and jubilation, and which, melodically and harmonically, keep to the spirit and the letter of the *Motu Proprio*.

I remember one wedding, though, at which a change of wedding march had the bride a quarter of the way down the aisle before the groom finally scurried out of the sacristy to join her at the other end of it. In fact, I remember it more clearly than any other wedding in my experience, although I neither played nor sang at it—just talked. Waiting in the sacristy with me was a friendly Monsignor who seemed greatly experienced at waiting in sacristies with supposedly nervous bridegrooms. We were talking of this and that, zero hour fast approaching, when I heard the organ burst into the glowing phrases which open the Purcell trumpet tune. The following dialogue took place.

Hume: (Off-hand) "Well—I guess we'd better go out now."

Msgr: (Gently) "No, son. We don't go out until the bride starts down the aisle."

Hume: "But the bride *has* started down the aisle."

Msgr: (With a patient this-one-is-in-a-bad-way air) "Uh—no, no. You see, the bride doesn't start down the aisle until the wedding march begins."

Hume: "I know, but that *is* the wedding march."

Once the point had been made, however, he moved faster than I have ever seen a portly Monsignor in full regiments move. He, I, and the three officiating clergy skidded onto the altar just as the first ushers hove into sight.

I must say a little more about this wedding because it was the most liturgical and music-conscious such occasion I ever witnessed. In this case we had no trouble with the bride. Old Miss College of New Rochelle had been a bug on the liturgy for more years than

HOW SPEAK OF HER?

by BRUCE FAWCETT

*How speak of her, when silence was her way?
How may the mortal mouth give birth to words
Lovely enough for her loveliness, and say
What never is quite said? It may be birds
In their bright innocence might phrase a song
Pleasing enough, perhaps, someday to sing
To her; or maybe a hidden river's long
Cadenza in a crystal fall might ring
From stone a music pure enough to hear.*

*Oh, but the heart must cry "Mary, my Mother,"
"O Queen of Angels, Morningstar."*

And dear

*Is man's praise to her, dear above all other,
Even though roses turn eloquent and nod
Blossoming hymns of tribute to her, and God.*

I had even had a nodding acquaintance with the Church. She had avowed that nothing would make her go through the rigors of a formal, no-holds-barred wedding except a desire to do something special in the musical-liturgical department, and the music plans were, literally, seven months in the making.

On such occasions the value of one's musician friends becomes clear. Once alerted that they were to be turned loose on such a project, they reacted as the old chefs of the defunct Ritz might react if informed that the dining room was to be reopened for the annual banquet of the Escoffier Society.

The celebrant-to-be, a greatly gifted composer who heads the liturgical music faculty of Catholic University, suddenly decided that the time had come to compose his first Mass. (It isn't every composer who can say the Mass as well as write the music for it.) I doubt whether any couple has ever had its wedding music under such close scrutiny for the whole length of its engagement. From July to December we heard it growing, note by note. Two weeks before the wedding we were all still inking over the manuscript for the duplicator, pasting pages together, punching holes for note-book loops, and we finally assembled the finished product just in time for the first rehearsal. We are not hogish about this work, however, which has since been performed in concert version at the Juilliard Institute and elsewhere.

Before getting down to some specific ideas, I cannot resist quoting a few lines from a communiqué on this subject too inspired to wallow in oblivion. Recently, at the request of our society editor, I wrote a little five-hundred-word wedding music article for the *Washington Post's* annual brides' section. In the course of the piece I made a few re-

marks about popular songs at weddings, and pointed out the good example of Catholic and Episcopal churches, in which this kind of music is simply not allowed. The next mail brought an indignant letter-to-the-editor from a local organist who apparently cherishes a long-standing desire to admire my head impaled on a pike. He wrote in part: "Attention Ladies! Look ahead to your WEDDING DAY! If you are a Baptist, Methodist, or Lutheran—in other words if you are not a Catholic or Episcopalian—your taste for WEDDING MUSIC is BAD. . . . Remember now, Ladies, Mendelssohn and Wagner are in bad taste. Join the Catholic or Episcopalian Church so they may select your music for you. After all, it is only YOUR own wedding day and you should not be permitted to select your own music."

Now somewhat unsocially and ungrammatically expressed as this letter is, it makes a certain point. No one should or wants to dictate to a bride on her big day. But brides themselves are positive beavers when it comes to tracking down advice on all angles. They read the Vogue Book of Etiquette for details on order of battle; their mothers consult endlessly with caterers, and their fiancés with florists; department stores hire full-time bridal consultants to proffer advice on vital questions of dress. It's the same with music. Here are some of the suggestions which I frequently offer to the many brides who call or write to discuss the question of wedding music, a service incidentally which is about the pleasantest and most peaceful aspect of a music critic's job.

Selection of music depends, naturally, on a) the number and b) the skill of the people performing it. It is customary for the organist to play for fifteen or twenty minutes before the ceremony

(Continued on page 75)

Radio and TELEVISION

by
DOROTHY KLOCK

On Your Radio

At this time of the year, there are no new radio programs of great note starting their perilous journeys to public favor on the airways. We are heading now into the season of sunshine and butterflies and summer substitutes. Nevertheless, there are several quiet little programs of good value which have been pursuing consistent ways through the winter and spring, and it's time we made a small bow in their direction.

City Hospital

Next to the gunman-detective-murderer set of stock characters, there are none more essentially dramatic than characters, with an accompanying plot, drawn from the field of medicine and its associated practices. Hence, *City Hospital*, profiling in the words of CBS, "the dramatic moments in the lives of the doctors, nurses, and patients in a large city hospital," has the inherent elements of interesting drama.

Do not expect the accent to be on pain and sorrow in this series. The writer and director do a neat job of highlighting the many amusing moments when human beings, in the process of being rubbed together by mutual events in their lives, strike glowing sparks of behavior. There are varied kinds of program plots in *City Hospital*—straight dramas, comedies, and psychological mysteries. One plot dealt with a young doctor of whom too much was expected by his stern and envious doctor-father. Another told with much humorous pathos of an elderly man who nurtured the mistaken notion that the niece and nephew with whom he made his home were trying to poison him. And then there was the story of the wayward boy who consented to undergo an operation only after a famous ball player, a fellow patient, had taught the boy—and himself—a lesson in faith and understanding.

The dramas are presented not only with know-how but also with a considerable degree of artistry. The accents

are where they should be—on plot, writing, and production. Other than Santos Ortega, who plays Dr. Barton Crane, medical director of *City Hospital*, and who is a very well-known actor in New York radio circles, there are few familiar names. That's a good thing. Far too often, a program is written and built around a name-star, with the result that it loses that nicely attuned balance between the characters which gives a plot substance and reality.

You can get *City Hospital* on both radio and TV, at different days and times, and with different plots, of course. Both series are on CBS. For the radio story, it's Saturday, from 1:30 to 2:00 P.M., E.D.T. And on television, *City Hospital* alternates with *Crime Syndicated* on Tuesday evenings at 9:00 P.M., E.D.T.

Critic at Large

So much of our broadcasting is formalized and stilted that it is very pleasant to happen on a casual little program like this. Leon Pearson, the *Critic at Large*, uses his free rein to comment at

will on current books, plays, moving pictures, and magazine articles. He does not set himself up to be the end-all of critical comment. It is always plain that this is one man's opinion.

Mr. Pearson is well qualified for his post. He is a true man-about-the-world, having served stints as playwright, actor, and diplomatic reporter. He is NBC's United Nations correspondent and as such he gets about a good deal, not only to United Nations events but also to other international diplomatic conclaves. From all this experience, he has gained a perspective toward the written and spoken word which is amiably seasoned, with welcome dashes of humorous salt.

This is the kind of adult radio program of which we should have many more. It brings to your ears, as a fine columnist in a newspaper or magazine brings to your eyes, the judgments of a keen intelligence, proffered not as ultimate decisions but as just one view of the many that might be held on the subject under discussion. And best of all, Mr. Pearson gives you, the listener, credit for equal intelligence, a tribute which far too few programs pay to the consumer who ultimately foots their bills. (NBC, Sunday, 1:00 to 1:15 P.M., E.D.T.)

Whitehall 1212

Calling this a quiet little program is something of a misnomer. It is based each week on a case history from the files of Scotland Yard. But the crimes and the criminals, more often than not, are the quiet, subtle, British sort, making for early bafflement on the part of the police, followed by neat, precise steps of detection leading to a satisfactory unraveling of the knot.

Background data for the series is compiled by Percy Hoskin, chief crime reporter of the London *Daily Express*, for Wyllis Cooper, who specializes in writing and directing this kind of program. There is a minimum of music and sound, a maximum of good acting, and a most satisfying lack of the boisterous hoop-la which attends in excess the broadcasting of the average American radio program on crime. *Whitehall 1212* has a clean-cut, sharp effectiveness. The stories have an unusual combination of effects on the listener—the gratifying orderliness of an orderly dresser drawer and, at the same time, the sudden distortion of a kaleidoscope as the patterns of human behavior change before your ears.

If you like the simple realism of *Drag-net*, if you like a good radio drama told simply and well, you will like *Whitehall 1212*. (NBC, Sunday, 5:30-6:00 P.M., E.D.T.)



Santos Ortega, star of the CBS dramatic series, "City Hospital"

TV News

American Inventory, begun last year and now extended for an additional thirty-nine weeks, is presented by the National Broadcasting Company in conjunction with the Alfred P. Sloan Foundation. It is an experimental adult education program. As partial underwriting of the 1952 costs, the Sloan Foundation has appropriated \$140,000.

In this new series, two or more successive telecasts are often devoted to a single subject. Many general areas are covered by the programs—public issues of importance, the humanities and the social sciences, science and technology, and the work of representative professional and philanthropic organizations. There also will be telecasts devoted to law, medicine, education, handcrafts, and safety.

Here are some of the projected program ideas which may or may not have become realities by the time you read these lines:

Star-Crossed, a folk opera retelling the Romeo and Juliet story in terms of Kentucky mountain people.

Nuts and Bolts, an economic musical variety program telling the story of labor's contributions to industry.

The Truth about Science Fiction, a program demonstrating that modern science fiction deals with things not of tomorrow but of today.

University in Exile, a story of the efforts being made to rescue important minds from behind the Iron Curtain and to employ them in vital work on behalf of democracy.

Who Owns America?, a special animated cartoon in the economic sphere.

Charles Christiansen is the director and Bob Wald, the associate producer. *American Inventory* is on the NBC Television Network on Sundays from 1:30 to 2:00 P.M., E.D.T.

Meet the Masters

Prepared via film produced specifically for television by World Artists Inc., this TV series brings renowned musicians into your home in intimate recitals for you to enjoy in the comfort of your living room. There are both instrumentalists and singers—Jascha Heifetz, Marian Anderson, Artur Rubinstein, Gregor Piatigorsky and his cello, Andres Segovia and his guitar, and from the Metropolitan Opera, Nadine Conner and Jan Peerce. This might well be regarded as one of the best uses of television. Radio can bring music for the ear, but in this series, especially for students of instrumental music, there is the added advantage of being able to watch the technique of the master. It is welcome indeed. (NBC, Sunday, 5:30 to 6:00 P.M., E.D.T.)



Spiritual Thoughts for the Month

by DOM HUBERT VAN ZELLER

Spirit of the Early Church

THIS morning I took Holy Communion to an elderly couple who live in a spotless cottage facing a slag-heap. The husband, a retired gardener, looks after his wife, who is more or less bed-ridden; both have been drawing the old-age pension for years. After the thanksgivings were over and when I had put away the "altar," the old lady drew me toward her and pressed two half-crowns into my embarrassed palm. I murmured something sententious about the priest's great privilege and dropped the two coins into an empty flower vase of elaborate design which happened to be within reach.

"No, take them, Father," said the husband. "She'll be proper put out if you don't."

"You see, Father," said the wife, "we don't want for money, Dad and I don't. God has been good to us, and we've had all we wanted from the start. It's the same now in the finish. Much better you have it."

"That's right," confirmed the old man, "we've got plenty. We'd feel uncomfortable with more. Wouldn't seem right, somehow."

I looked around the little room with its hundred little evidences of scarcity and conscientious thrift. I thought of the little luxuries which could have been theirs if they had been less eager to give away money to undeserving priests. I thought of the much greater luxuries which people enjoyed who felt no such gratitude to God for their sufficiency. I wondered how many souls there were in the world who, like these two here, really felt they had sufficient. Don't even the comfortably off feel poor beside the very rich? Don't even the very rich feel that perhaps . . .

I turned the flower vase upside down, put the money in my pocket, and went away feeling quite extraordinarily elated. I felt just nineteen hundred years younger.

First Person Singular

Why is it that however dull we know ourselves to be, however prosaic our

record from infancy onward, however commonplace our occupation in life, the one central, pivotal, vital interest in all of us is ourselves?

Even when our work is of such a distracting nature that we have no time to think about what we ourselves are going to get out of it, the thought at the back of our minds the whole time is that it is *we* who are working. The work is going out from *our* hands. Even, again, when a man is healthily and happily and unselfishly in love, he is thinking of his part in the business more than he is thinking of hers. He may be prepared to make every sort of sacrifice for the beloved, but the person he sees in his mind's eye is himself—with the girl as a shadowy figure at his side.

How comes it, then, that a man cannot work, love, write letters, amuse himself in sport or at the theater, talk to people at a dinner party—still less pray, read spiritual books, listen to a sermon or preach one), give alms—without interpreting everything in terms of his own personality? I will tell you in two words: original sin. We project ourselves upon the screen of life because our focus of vision is not upon God any more, but upon *us*. We are made in the image and likeness of God, but it is as if the likeness is seen only in a looking-glass—and we gaze at ourselves all the time instead of at God whom we reflect.

There are other people in the looking-glass reflection as well, and most of them are far more worth looking at than we are, but of course we are so preoccupied with the spectacle of ourselves that to pay any attention to anyone else we have to wrench away our gaze. It is not that the looking-glass is too small, or that our capacity and range of vision is not wide enough, or that God does not sufficiently present Himself before us and invite a returning stare; it is all because of original sin and the exceedingly bad use we have made of the means designed to cope with it. First person singular: original sin. "And," as somebody has said, "there is a lot of original sin about."

STAGE

and

SCREEN

by **JERRY COTTER**



Ward Bond and Barry Fitzgerald in "The Quiet Man"

"The Quiet Man"

John Ford turns his attention to rollicking farce in *THE QUIET MAN*, filmed in Ireland with a Hollywood cast and an alert camera crew. The actors make the Maurice Walsh story sparkle, and the Technicolor cameramen gild the lily in photographing the lush countryside. A comedy of courtship and marriage manners, this blends a bit of fact and a bit of fancy in one hilarious adult package. John Wayne and Maureen O'Hara make a handsome pair of stubborn romancers, and they get spirited assistance from Barry Fitzgerald, Victor McLaglen, Ward Bond, Mildred Natwick, a group of Abbey Theatre players, and a few hundred Mayoites. Fun with a flourish, enhanced by eye-filling backgrounds and that inimitable Gaelic charm. (Republic)

Reviews in Brief

Deviating from the usual prison-movie blueprint, *MY SIX CONVICTS* develops an unusual and absorbing theme in which tragedy and comedy blend exceptionally well. A young psychologist assigned to a state prison finds the suspicion and distrust of the men an almost insurmountable obstacle. In time the barrier collapses and the plot then concerns itself with the establishment of a rehabilitation system. There are some action scenes, but the pace here is geared to a more impassive study of the men behind bars. Its value as a clinical study may be open to debate, but it does provide some engrossing sequences for the adult who has become sated with the routine prison melodrama. John Beal, Millard Mitchell, Marshal Thompson, Gilbert Roland, and Regis Toomey are the best members of an unusually strong cast. (Columbia)

THE GIRL IN WHITE goes back to the days when the medical profession offered its most vigorous opposition to women doctors. Set in the early 1900's, the story points up the prejudice one young girl met and conquered in her determination to be judged on her ability alone in a field

of male domination. Related in semidocumentary style, the film has bits of romance and humor to relieve the dramatic tensions. June Allyson is fine as the girl who becomes the first female interne at a New York hospital, and she gets good support from Arthur Kennedy, Gary Merrill, Mildred Dunnock, Jesse White, and Gar Moore. (M-G-M)

THE LION AND THE HORSE is an outdoor action story with more excitements than a dozen ordinary Western tales. In retelling the case of a spirited wild horse brought into contact with the ways of man, the scriptwriter wisely refrained from preparing an involved plot. The result is a clearcut and stirring action film, highlighted by a savage battle between the wild steed and an escaped lion. Color photography adds to the visual interest of this highly exciting adventure. (Warner Brothers)

Walt Disney has gone to the classic adventure library again with stimulating results. As a followup on last year's *Treasure Island*, the Disney studios are now offering *THE STORY OF ROBIN HOOD*. Filmed in England with live actors rather than cartoon figures, the legend of Sherwood Forest emerges on the screen in all its full-blown excitement. Richard Todd is convincing as the swash-buckling rogue, and Joan Rice is an appealing "Maid Marian." The Technicolor camera underscores the action scenes and the net result is a rousing recreation of a time-honored legend. It is the sort of adventure that has a universal appeal for every member of the family. (RKO Radio-Disney)

The colorful, erratic diamond career of Dizzy Dean gets a sympathetic and amusing review in *THE PRIDE OF ST. LOUIS*. The fabulous pitcher of the 1930's is interpreted in high-spirited fashion by Dan Dailey, who makes the dramatic passages effective and handles the baseball scenes convincingly. The script follows a well-charted course in detailing the rise of Dizzy and his brother, Daffy, to big



Donald O'Connor, Debbie Reynolds, and Gene Kelly are a dancing threesome in "Singin' in the Rain"



Virginia Gilmore and Peter Capell appear in "Walk East on Beacon," story of espionage

league immortality. The diamond shots are good, but they do not dominate this study of a country lad who found fame on the Cardinal mound. (20th Century-Fox)

Plush is the adjective for *SINGIN' IN THE RAIN*, a Technicolor song-and-dance charade with Gene Kelly, Donald O'Connor, and Debbie Reynolds among the important assets. The plot is a gossamer and routine affair but there is a sprightly note in the acting that helps considerably. Musically speaking, this is superior, but the inclusion of an unnecessarily suggestive dance routine mars the over-all effect. (M-G-M)

STEEL TOWN is a lusty melodrama that is occasionally as vigorous as its background. Scene of big-mill operations vie with the conventional three-cornered romance of Ann Sheridan, John Lund, and Howard Duff for top attention. Familiar, two-fisted adult fare. (Universal-International)

George Murphy, Nancy Davis, and Billy Gray make a convincing and likable family group in *TALK ABOUT A STRANGER*, in which suspense and sentiment blend surprisingly well. The suspicion which greets a stranger in a small California town is generated by the poisoning of a dog. It is handled with a fair degree of originality in this adult concoction. (M-G-M)

WALK EAST ON BEACON is a tense and absorbing depiction of FBI methods in breaking up a Red espionage ring. Step by step, making fulsome use of the documentary technique, the film follows a hypothetical spy case to its inevitable, melodramatic conclusion. Following so closely on Leo McCarey's powerful anticommunist movie, *My Son John*, this stark reminder of the forces at work in our midst is a "must" for every moviegoer. We know it is happening here, and this graphic film, made in co-operation with the Federal Bureau of Investigation, shows how and in what degree. George Murphy, Finlay Currie, and Louisa Horton are outstanding in a cast that also includes Karel Stepanek, Bruno Wick, Jack Manning, Eva Condon, Michael Garrett, Virginia Gilmore, Peter Capell, and Robert Carroll. Alfred Werker's firm direction is a decided asset in developing the story of the FBI at work. (DeRochemont-Columbia)

ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN is dialect comedy with a message and a strong overlay of sentiment. Based on the popular book by Helen and George Papashvily, it has moments of broad humor that ring true, a shade too much pathos, and some shopworn serenades to the American melting pot. Jose Ferrer, Kim Hunter, Oscar Karlweis, and Eugenie Leontovich handle the principal roles with ease, if not distinction. (Paramount)

The life of St. Ignatius Loyola provides the moviemakers with a magnificent opportunity. In *LOYOLA—THE SOLDIER SAINT*, a Spanish production filmed on location at Montserrat, Manresa, Loyola, and Barcelona, the various facets of the soldier-saint are faithfully and dramatically recreated. This is a rounded portrait of the courtier who changed his allegiance to a heavenly Regent and became one of the great spiritual figures of the ages. Father Alfred Barrett, S.J., of Fordham University, narrates the excellent commentary, and English dialogue has been dubbed in for the original Spanish. (Simplex)

The New Plays

FLIGHT INTO EGYPT ponders the plight of a refugee family stranded in a tawdry Cairo hotel. Waiting for cherished U.S. visas, mother, father, and young son face the monumental problems of the impoverished and the ill. The father is a war cripple, impotent in the face of each new crisis and impatient to set sail for a new land, new hope, and new life. His wife and child, uprooted from Vienna, must cope with situations far beyond their understanding and endurance. The expected climax comes after the last drop of bathos has been drained from a sorry situation. Author George Tabori fails on at least two scores. He neither convinces you of the plausibility of the situation, nor succeeds in arousing any sympathy for the hapless refugees. His theme should have power and moral courage. It has neither and defies the efforts of Paul Lukas and Gusti Huber to breathe vibrance into it. Both players are superb, and Jo Mielziner's startling set rates a special mention.



"Loyola—the Soldier Saint," filmed in Spain, tells the life story of St. Ignatius Loyola

Cornelia Otis Skinner has devised a diverting and exacting one-woman show bringing to life fourteen sketches in a Parisian scrapbook. Grouped under the title *PARIS '90*, the scenes prove again that Miss Skinner is a versatile, clever, and convincing player. As the author of the sketches, she is also entitled to some praise, although to a much lesser degree. Her ladies, and those who are not, are handled deftly enough, but author Skinner rarely gets beneath the surface of the varied characters she has created. As a result, actress Skinner is often left way out on a superficial limb. Kay Swift's musical score and the settings help to make this much more than an average one-woman presentation.

ONE BRIGHT DAY is an engrossing drama built around the question of personal integrity. The principal figure is the president of a drug company who discovers his product can have fatal results. An internecine struggle ensues with the executive's assistant against him on the issue of recalling the medicine. On this skimpy situation Sigmund Miller builds his drama with mounting interest and a good deal of suspense. He is aided by Howard Lindsay, the play's star-producer, who gives a performance of unusual strength in a role that might easily be subordinated. Walter Matthau, Glenn Anders, Bess Winburn, Addison Richards, and Marian Russell are all capable in their roles. There are several tingling dramatic moments and a provocative theme in this play in which the matter of individual responsibility and integrity comes in for overdue discussion.

Lilting Fantasy

THREE WISHES FOR JAMIE is a lilting musical adaptation of Charles O'Neal's Christopher Award novel. It is also the most entertaining song and dance fest to reach Broadway in many moons. Without making any radical departures from the accepted musical comedy pattern, it manages to be continuously amusing with its magic patter, delightful fantasy, and melodic high spots.

You may recall the story of Jamie McRuin's quest for the answers to his three wishes. Fairy Queen Oona had granted

him three wishes in a dream one night and he had chosen to travel, to find the perfect wife, and to have a son who would speak the Gaelic mother tongue. His search carries him from Connacht to the camp of the fabulous Irish horse traders outside Atlanta, Georgia. There he discovers the answers and there the audience finds fun and frolic, music and spirited dancing, a tear and a smile.

In a musical play brimming over with color, song, and comedy, it is difficult to separate the assets and single out the highlights. They are many in this happy fantasy, ranging from the magnificent voices of John Raitt and Anne Jeffreys to the leprechaun-style fun-making of Bert Wheeler; from Peter Conlow's amazing dance patterns to the rollicking bit of choreography called "Trottin' to the Fair;" from Charlotte Rae's hilarious comedy routine to the honest pathos of young Billy Chapin's performance as a mute boy.

The full canvas is both vivid and flecked with the sort of starry-eyed fantasy that is either magic or fiddlesticks. This has a lilt in its laugh and a glow in its music. It is thrice welcome.

Playguide

FOR THE FAMILY: *Mrs. McThing*

FOR ADULTS: *The King and I; Antony and Cleopatra; Caesar and Cleopatra; Three Wishes for Jamie (On Tour) Darkness at Noon; A Sleep of Prisoners; The Cocktail Party; Oklahoma*

PARTLY OBJECTIONABLE: *Call Me Madam; Guys and Dolls; The Moon is Blue; South Pacific; Stalag 17; The Fourposter; Top Banana; Gigi; Point of No Return; Flight into Egypt; Paint Your Wagon; Venus Observed; The Shrike; Jane (On Tour) Affairs of State; Remains to Be Seen; Bell, Book and Candle; The Happy Time; Candida; Member of the Wedding; Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*

COMPLETELY OBJECTIONABLE: *I Am a Camera; Pal Joey; The Constant Wife (On Tour) The Rose Tattoo; Mister Roberts*

John Raitt and Anne Jeffreys in "Three Wishes for Jamie," musical comedy version of the Christopher Award novel





*Jean Harnett, the
careerist mother*

My Career — a Mother

Not much money in it, perhaps. Nor publicity, either.
But there are a lot of satisfactions

by JEAN HARNETT

WHEN I told my daughters that I was going to write about what a joy and privilege children are, they laughed at me. Not because they do not hope to be mothers themselves someday. But right now they find most younger ones more of a nuisance than a pleasure.

Maybe you don't enjoy children yet. To be honest, until I had my own, they annoyed me. Both my husband and I were always kind to them. But when our friends trotted out their toddling offspring, we were bored.

How we have changed! You know how you will polish up your own shoes and fuss over the job you are doing for yourself—but how about when somebody asks you to polish his? My oldest girl will take great pride in dressing up her own doll but does not fancy spending time baby-sitting for her friends' dolls.

It is the feeling that they are your own that gives much of the joy to motherhood.

When you become a mother you become a member of a universal club. People anywhere, on buses, on trains, in the streets, stop to admire your baby. You can converse freely with any mother on the care and feeding of infants.

Kindly old ladies are forever tapping me on the shoulder to tell me that these are my happiest days. They don't have to tell me; I know. Our house is never tidy long. Nothing is where it belongs. And there are days when I go on the warpath and wish I could store all four of the darlings in the deepfreeze for twenty-four hours of peace and quiet. Then the two older girls will give their daddy and me breakfast in bed; our third one, who is six, will wash and dry all the dinner dishes and put them away in strange places; and I know their hearts are all right, only their hands and feet have yet to learn.

A mother may be busy but she is

never bored. Right now, since the third one has started school and met up with Catechism, we have many religious discussions. Dorothy is chiefly concerned with Satan. She went to the school Halloween party dressed as a devil, a most appropriate costume for our Dorry, and two or three times has told me that her guardian angel persuaded her not to do what the devil wanted her to. I hope her angel will always so persuade her, as it is her father's and my privilege to see that her angel gets most of his help from us.

It always thrills me to think that God has permitted two ordinary creatures like Charlie and me to help Him create more souls for heaven. And there I find the big reason why God created us—that must be the work He set aside and marked "The Harnetts." Charlie and I are not talented in any way. But if we can instill a Christian way of life in our children so that they can get the same ideals into their children, we shall have been God's helpers in adorning heaven with countless souls. That is a terrific thought, that chain of souls we helped create.

Even now, as soon as they are born they begin to do good works. Through his children I can better understand my husband. They not only look like him but they naturally have many of his ways. It is like having a movie of his childhood.

You can see yourself too. They are great copycats, and if you find your daughters screaming at their dolls, it is advisable to stop and listen to yourself—a Catholic mother does not lead her children to God by screaming at them. Besides, they help to keep peace in the family. When Charlie and I feel tired and grouchy, we are likely to take it out on each other rather than the children who would not understand. One funny remark from the baby, how-

ever, will restore our good humor immediately. You can't laugh together and stay mad.

I can't understand how anyone who has had one baby cannot want more. We were so excited, when we discovered I was pregnant for the first time, that we practically announced it from the housetops. My father, who had been raised in a more secretive generation, was shocked by our open enthusiasm.

We were lucky in being ignorant of all the old wives' tales that frighten so many girls. The actual having of the baby does hurt. I guess anybody could figure that out. But it never hurt as much as I expected. I have had earaches that were more painful and lasted longer. Give me a baby anytime. I have heard girls say after their first baby, "never again," and I know that, now, when the first baby is eight or ten years old and still an only child, they



*Carolyn (left) and Dorothy
Ellen Harnett with "Socks"*

look back with much regret at the years they wasted because of a few hours of pain.

I know a great many couples who object to a family because it is expensive. Children are expensive but—when I was having our oldest girl, a Jewish friend told me a proverb which her people have. I can't remember the exact words but the sense of it is that God will take care of the being He is sending to earth.

Our Mary Jane did not arrive free of financial worries. We had married soon after we left college, and Charlie had not had much time to be earning a living. As I was making more money than he was, we did very nicely as long as I could continue working. But he made enough to support only one person, so our big question became which two of us would starve?

A most obliging thing about a baby is that you have a good nine months to plan for it. So, in our nine months, we were able to save enough to cover all expenses and besiege heaven for help. I do not remember either of us being upset (Charlie says he can). We had a lovely time. Charlie looked for a better place and relaxed and left our worries with the Blessed Mother and my good friend, Saint Jude.

Sure enough, the fifteenth of January, Charlie was notified to report to his new job at triple his old salary, and Mary Jane was born to her wealthy parents amidst great celebration. We have never had a baby that didn't bring us luck or a raise for Charlie. It seems that God does take care of the new beings.

From then on, it's up to Mommy. Mommy is nurse, cook, and dietician. Mommy is a playmate. Mommy is a

teacher. It is up to Mommy to watch the books her children read, the television programs they look at. Mommy must show them how to be clean and attractive, and must keep up on what the rest of the girls are doing and wearing.

Many a game of parchesi, old maid, or house have I played when I was itching to get the ironing out of the way. Anyhow, I like to play games. But I feel it is more important to be their friend than to have them all starched and shiny outside and very lonely inside. Loving is giving. The psychologists have now recognized that as the means to happiness. Jesus Christ told us so centuries ago.

A mother's whole life is one of giving. Maybe that is why we are such a happy lot. Because we love our children we can give more effective guidance than an outsider.

Until they are old enough to think things out for themselves, we are the great authority and our word is law. I remember the day one of the girls came home from 1A and proudly showed me the 100 per cent she had in spelling, achieved by copying another girl's work. It was my problem to make her understand that is not the way to do things. And then she confounded me by returning the next day in tears because she could get only a measly 10 per cent on her own. It seemed to her that my way of doing things was very questionable. The Holy Ghost must have guided my tongue because the point got across and her 10 per cent crept up to an honorable 95 per cent.

Charlie and I must be *examples*. That isn't always easy and nobody ever said it was always fun. But we have learned

much about human relations from our children, and our religious convictions are strengthened and refreshed by teaching our beliefs to them. So, it makes it that much easier for all of us to get to heaven.

Sounds like a frightening job. It would frighten me if I had to do it alone. That's why the Lord made fathers. Aside from their position as protectors and providers, they are a most necessary balance against too much Mommy. The first word any of our babies spoke was "Dada," and without Dada I would be lost. Two can set up a more palatable set of rules than one.

CHARLIE'S ears are most receptive to the stories about his off-spring which only bore the neighbors. Charlie is the source of all knowledge and knows bits of information about places and things which I never heard of. As the girls advance in school we find ourselves pooling our remembrance of decimals and fractions to get the right answer. Charlie is the tactful creature who puts all the children to work cleaning up the yard and liking it. Because he is away all day, he can give a fresh perspective to a problem I live with too closely to solve.

If Charlie and I feel we cannot figure out the situation ourselves, there are books and magazine articles to refer to. These can be a great comfort. The printed word carries weight with most people, and it is reassuring to read that all two-year-olds have temper tantrums just when you were beginning to wonder if your little dear would always kick and scream her way through life. The book will tell you what to do about it.

So will your doctor. As he has continual experience with children of all ages and temperaments, my own doctor has given me the wisest and most practical advice of anyone. He says "enjoy them." We do. We are a family, and we can have more fun eating out in the backyard together than we would dining separately in glamorous restaurants. Our children never lack a companion on a rainy day any more than I lack luncheon companions or friendly advice on my latest hairdo. We can have a game of canasta any time we wish, and can work together as a very efficient team when getting ready for a birthday party.

That is my career—I am a mother. I work for a kindly boss who will never fire me. His name is Jesus Christ. For a model, I have His Mother, Mary, and for a partner, the man I chose myself. I may never make much money. But I have the satisfaction of knowing that even the destruction of the world cannot affect the immortality of my children.

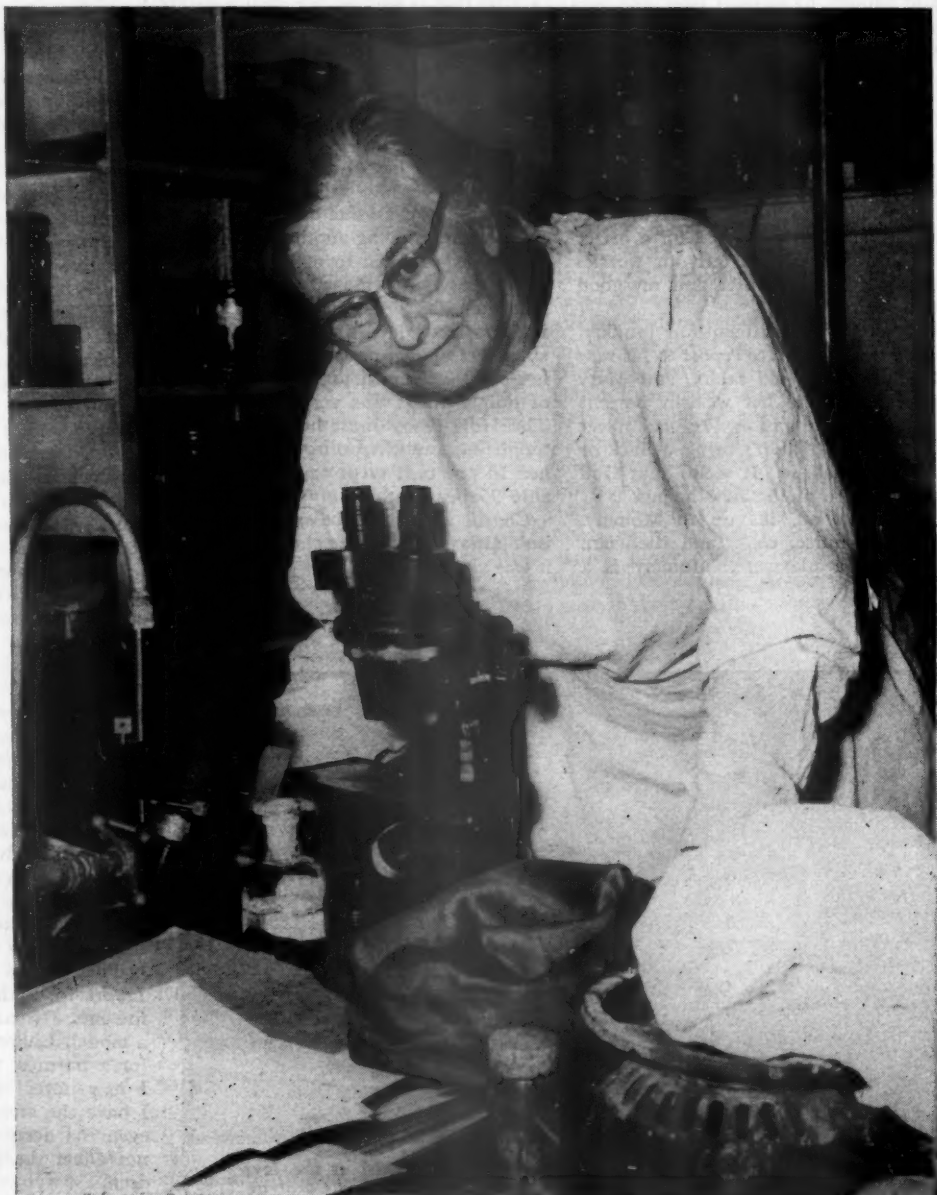


Mrs. Harnett and "Charlie," with the girls who laughed at the joys of motherhood—(l to r) Dorothy, Mary Jane, Kathleen, and Carolayne

● It took courage, in the England of the early 1900's, for the young daughter of a conservative Catholic family to decide upon a career of medicine. But Helen Ingleby had always believed that the Church Militant should be more so, and she not only was graduated from the London School of Medicine for Women, but soon wheedled her way into the enormous clinical experience of St. George's Hospital. In 1923 she first came to the United States on a Rockefeller Research Fellowship, and two years later accepted an invitation to become professor at Women's Medical School in Philadelphia. There she remained until 1945, when she became chief pathologist at the Jewish Hospital in that city.

It is interesting to know that this busy professional woman has given much time, both here and in England, to outdoor speaking for the Catholic Evidence Guild, whose technique she learned from its founder, Mr. Frank Sheed. To a sophist who once declared "scientists don't believe in miracles," Dr. Ingleby replied with unanswerable simplicity: "I am a scientist and I believe in miracles"—which remark might well be the text of her life.

People



Dr. Helen Ingleby
in her research laboratory in Philadelphia hospital



Inset: Leonard Harmon. Above, he gives a few pointers to one of the high school basketball teams.



• Leonard Harmon of West Orange, New Jersey, spends almost as much time working for the Church as he does earning a living. Ten years ago, the Pastor of Our Lady of the Valley Church asked him to direct the Holy Name Societies of the parish. He formed a grammar school group, a high school group, and Don Bosco Club with members of post high school age. There are activities every week all year around. In the winter there are basketball leagues and entertainments in the excellent parish gym. In the summer, soft ball leagues are organized.

Mr. Harmon insists that the first and primary purpose of all these activities is spiritual. The boys are encouraged to receive the sacraments often, and also in a group. They begin every game with prayers and are taught to lose as well as to win like Christian gentlemen. They are not allowed to display temper at the decision of referees, nor are they permitted to ridicule mistakes of boys with little athletic talent.

While Mr. Harmon devotes his time to the boys of the parish (there are one hundred and sixty members at present), his wife, Mary, is busy directing the girls. The priests describe the Harmon home as the annex of the parish.

Mr. Harmon is a supervisor with the Monroe Calculating Machine Co. He is the father of seven children, and has recently acquired the title of grandfather. Very youthful in his appearance and in his enthusiasms, he attributes it to his work with the young. One of his great boasts is that several of "his boys" have entered the religious life, and others are studying for the priesthood.



"It's O.K.," Bill answered, "George had a bad dream"

ILLUSTRATION

a Cry in the Night

A boy's cry interrupted his dream of despair, and Bill awoke to find himself rich indeed

HE couldn't sleep. Occasionally, as a fitful gust of wind swept by the house, the window shade flapped noisily, stirring him to fresh irritation. He buried his head in the pillow and tried to concentrate on sleep, but the slapping of the shade wove itself into the pattern of his thoughts, and he gave way again to the bitter reflection that had haunted his restless nights.

The picture in the newspaper that morning had started it once more. There was Jeff Anderson, smiling com-

placently over the announcement of his promotion to the vice-presidency of the Blackstone Advertising Agency. It probably meant fifty thousand a year for Jeff, or perhaps, a hundred thousand—there was no telling how much they were paying vice-presidents of successful advertising agencies. Over a thousand bucks a week! He compared it with his own salary as head bookkeeper at the tool works, and a hard lump of depression filled his breast.

Jeff Anderson. In the old days Jeff

hadn't been so very much. After all, he had known him well, had gone to school with him. They had played football together, hiked together, studied together. He had even coached Jeff in geometry, and Jeff had congratulated him when he was elected treasurer of the senior class. Then Jeff went on to college, and he, well, he had to go out and work. There was no help for it. Money was needed at home.

He had worked hard; he always worked hard, and he rose steadily—and



ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES MAZOUJIAN

ight

by
MILTON KAPLAN

slowly—to his present position in the plant. Twenty-two years with one firm—and now he was forty, and there was Jeff, a vice-president, while he just grubbed along. Forty! How had the years slipped by so easily? Where had they gone? He stretched out his hand in an awkward gesture, almost as if he wanted to hold back Time a little. There were so many things he had wanted to do, so many dreams he had hoped to achieve.

Outside, as if in answer to his mood,

the wind howled and hurled itself against the house. The windows shook from the impact, and the shade continued to clatter furiously, dashing madly against the pane. He leaped out of bed and slammed the window shut. Mary awoke with a start.

"What's the matter, Bill?"

"Nothing," he said. "The wind's kicking up a bit. I closed the window."

"Oh," she said, and sank back on her pillow. "Look in the children's room too," she murmured sleepily.

He stepped into his well-worn slippers and shuffled into the living room. A low cry of alarm escaped him as he unexpectedly encountered the football Johnny had left behind on the floor. The ball bumped erratically in the darkness, bringing a shamefaced grin to his lips. He snapped on the night light, and the comfortable living room, familiar-warm with sofa, easy chairs, and rug, sprang into existence. He picked up the football and fondling it in his palm, he poised on his toes, cocking his arm back as if he were eighteen again and ready to hurl a pass. Then he remembered, and he tossed the ball on the couch and walked around the one-story house, shutting the windows.

WHERE was Jeff Anderson now? Probably—somewhere in some swanky night club celebrating his promotion. Bill leaned against the wall and stared down at his faded carpet slippers until they became a symbol of his frustration, and he wrenched his eyes away. As he turned toward the children's room, a piercing scream, shrill with terror, froze his blood and fixed him paralyzed to the spot. An instant later he broke the spell and burst into the boys' room. Little George was sitting up, his eyes wild with fear.

"Georgie!" he whispered hoarsely. "What's the matter?"

The youngster shook his head dazedly and reached out to him. "I had a bad dream, Daddy," he whimpered. "A bad man was chasing right after me with a long knife."

Bill sat down on the bed and took his four-year-old son in his arms, feeling the frantic pounding of the boy's heart through the thinness of his pajamas.

"It's all right, Butch," he comforted him, his voice rumbling low with reassurance. "Daddy's here."

The youngster relaxed against his father, his body, still shuddering, clinging to him for safety. Mary ran in, her curly hair disheveled by sleep. "What happened?" she cried apprehensively.

"It's O.K.," Bill answered. "Georgie had a bad dream. He'll be all right."

"I got so scared," she said. "I was fast asleep and then there was a scream . . ."

He saw that she was trembling, but he stared at her in surprise. The faint light caught the strands of her hair and kindled them to radiance. Silhouetted in the doorway, she looked tremendously young, too young to be a mother of two children, bearing the responsibilities of running a house, cooking, cleaning. He caught his breath, and in an impulse of tenderness, he reached and pulled her down beside him.

"It's all right," he said. "You're shivering," and he put his arm around her. She too pressed against him, her cheek cold against his shoulder, her brown hair soft against his face. He leaned his cheek on its softness and said nothing, warm with the love of the two people who had turned to him for comfort and protection.

Johnny, the older boy, who had slept through the scream, now stirred. "That you, Dad?" he called quietly.

"Yop. Better go back to sleep. I just dropped in to see if everything was O.K."

Johnny turned around without another word and in a moment was fast asleep again. Bill knew his wife was smiling. He too was smiling. Kids. They trusted their Daddy completely.

"O.K., Butch," he whispered to Georgie, "you've had your fun. Now it's time to go back to sleep."

Georgie, snug against his father, protested sleepily. "I'm still scared, Daddy. Couldn't you stay a little while longer? Please, Daddy." His chubby hand dug into his father's side.

"All right, Georgie. I'll stay with you. Go ahead, Mary," he urged his wife, "you'd better get back to bed."

"You have to get up early, Bill. Suppose you go to bed and get some rest. I'll stay with him."

Georgie opened one eye. "I want Daddy!" he announced, closed the eye and squirmed closer to his father. Mary yielded, her eyes soft with understanding. "We all want Daddy," she said, and rising quickly, she kissed them both and trailed off to bed.

Bill sat there in the stillness of the room, holding his little son quietly in his arms, swaying back and forth until the boy's head drooped and his breathing became long and regular. Even then, Bill held him, reluctant to let him go, the warmth of the slender body draining him of all bitterness and regret. Finally, he tucked George into his blankets and smoothed his hair in a parting gesture. He stooped down and kissed his son's unruffled forehead; then he walked over and kissed an oblivious Johnny. He tiptoed out of the room, switched off the night light, and crept into bed. Strangely at peace, he fell asleep.



Black Star

The Gentleman

Congressman McCormack is a politician's politician. He is a Northerner in a job which usually goes to a Southerner.

He is the only Catholic ever to be elected majority leader in either chamber. And he has held that job longer than anyone

John W. McCormack, representative of twelfth district of Massachusetts. A friendly parliamentarian with a knowledge of in-fighting

JOHAN W. McCormack, a lanky, bushy-browed, somber-looking Bostonian, answers to the title of "politician's politician," and is proud of it. This is just as well, for McCormack, as majority leader of the United States House of Representatives, holds a post which calls for as much political, legislative, and psychological sagacity, day in and day out, as any in the land.

McCormack's life-long preoccupation with the fundamentals of American political science has brought him a number of attainments in his sixty-first year. He acts as a first lieutenant to the Speaker, who holds the second most powerful political post in the government. He has held the job longer than any other majority leader in history. He is the only Catholic ever to be elected to the post in either chamber of Congress. Though he is a member of a body which places a premium upon seniority and is jealous of its traditions, the congressman was elected majority leader

after only twelve years as a representative from Massachusetts' twelfth district. Moreover, when he attained the post in 1940 he shattered another House precedent. When the Democrats are in power, most key spots are held by southerners. Yet McCormack defeated his closest runner-up, Representative Woodrum of Virginia, by a vote of 141 to 67.

Though McCormack has little formal education, he is supremely qualified to write a textbook on the study of human behavior. His laboratory has been the House of Representatives. As its legislative traffic director he has had to contend with 434 other members of the chamber, all men of varying boiling points eager to defend their particular interests. This has given McCormack not only a great understanding of human nature, but the ability to use it persuasively.

Here are a few of the duties of a majority leader: He must work out a schedule for bringing up bills—which bills and when. Also, what days of each week the House will be in session. This is usually decided upon and announced at the beginning of each week

on the floor, often in answer to questions by the minority leader, and after consultation with the minority side.

A majority leader works on strategy for steering Administration "must" legislation through the House. This is done after brief huddles with President Truman at the White House each week and after long conferences with Speaker Rayburn and the committee chairman whose bills are involved. Then he must get the House Democratic whip, Percy Priest (Tenn.) and other key Democrats to get out the vote for the majority-backed bills. This goes on largely backstage in the cloakrooms, when a bill is being considered on the floor, and often as each amendment comes up.

Boiled down, it amounts to deft parliamentary maneuvering which will get the Administration's legislation by without too much watering down. These days this is a man-size job, what with the Republicans' informal alliance with Southern Democrats, on programs like spending, civil rights, economic aid abroad, and Fair Deal bills, usually prevailing.

That John McCormack has been able to do this successfully attests to his

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from Massachusetts

by
WILLIAM M. HEALY

knack of making friends on both sides of the aisle as well as his knowledge of political in-fighting and generalship. Surprisingly, calling the signals has left few signs of physical depreciation on him. Standing six feet, two inches tall, he carries his 180 pounds with military erectness. In his own element on the floor of the House, McCormack, known around Capitol corridors as the "Fighting Irishman from South Boston," frequently displays the mercurial disposition of the old time politician.

When excited by the opposition, he is given to shouting and hand waving. More than one Republican has felt the sting of his sarcasm. Recently, when one of them objected to bringing up something, McCormack leaned over to the floor microphone and snapped: "The gentleman *always* objects." If he ran true to form that day, however, McCormack no doubt gave the same man a dig in the ribs and joked with him in the cloakroom a few minutes later. He is constitutionally incapable of bearing a grudge.

Never cynical about politics, McCormack is convinced that when practiced with integrity it is one of the highest vocations attainable by mortal man. He is equally satisfied, and has been all his life, that the Democratic Party offers the best means of solving the nation's ills.

McCormack has never yet been too busy to explain to a listener just what the Party's tenets are. Once, while still a freshman member of the 70th Congress back in 1929, McCormack had taken his seat after making an impassioned plea on the floor for the removal of the "National Origins" clause of the Immigration Act. The young congressman's point was that it was discriminatory to the Ould Sod.

When a colleague from across the aisle hinted aloud that perhaps the "gentleman" from Massachusetts' solicitude stemmed from the preponderance of Irish in his own district, McCormack replied with surprising restraint:

"It is my belief that a public servant should represent all elements and politi-

cal creeds in his district." He added a brief description of his own political creed: "I follow the principles enunciated by the Democratic Party because the incorporation of them into law will be for the best interests of the people."

At this point a cynical member of the opposition arose to ask Mr. McCormack if he would kindly "in the not too distant future" inform the House as to just what the fundamental principles of his party were.

As though explaining the law of gravity to a child, McCormack replied patiently: "I think those fundamental principles are so well known that the average man knows them, but I shall be glad to enlighten the gentleman out in the lobby some time."

Despite the fact that McCormack regards politics as a worthy calling, he admits that he was drawn into it by a coincidence. He was born in Boston's "Old Southie" section in 1891, the son of Joseph and Mary McCormack, whose parents came to America in the 1840's. Shortly after John's graduation from grammar school, his father, a contractor, died. John became the man of the family and went to work to support two younger brothers.

His childhood was almost Dickensian. He shined shoes, sold newspapers, did odd jobs. With his mother's constant encouragement he seized everything he

could lay hands on and read avidly. On South Boston sandlots young McCormack had a reputation for erudition as well known as his throwing arm. It was not uncommon for him to be called in from the outfield to settle a question of historical importance being debated on the sidelines.

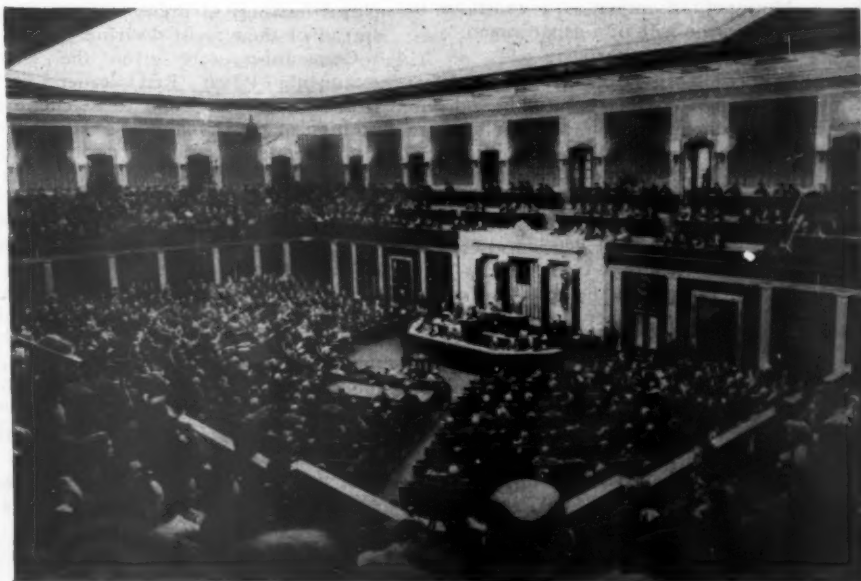
His decision to take up the law came on a whim of fate and sprang solely from economic necessity. Working as a messenger for a brokerage house, McCormack got a chance to switch to a law office. It meant a raise of from \$3.50 a week to \$4.00," McCormack recalls, "so the question of prestige never entered into it."

The new surroundings did not affect his reading habits. He continued to satisfy his thirst by reading every law tome on the premises. One evening he sat in the office waiting to run any errand that presented itself. Several law students were present, cramming for the next bar exam. They asked John to hold the books and ask the questions. When it developed that he knew as much law as they did, he was urged to take the bar with them. He did and passed it.

That was in 1913, the last time the State of Massachusetts permitted bar exams to be taken without at least two years of high school. The honor had its price. McCormack's mother had died

The redecorated and reinforced chamber of House of Representatives. Here McCormack is legislative traffic director

Wide World



two months before the event. "Lord have mercy on her," the congressman still says, "she didn't live to see the finish, but it was her inspiration that laid the foundation."

At twenty-one, lawyer McCormack was anxious to practice. But he didn't reckon with the Rose Kelly Club of Sharon Heights. The club was little more than a social gathering place for the Old Southie gang, but its members had enough political acumen to recognize in McCormack the makings of a legislator. They persuaded him to go out for the state constitutional convention. The club produced five dollars, enough to hire a peddler's wagon. McCormack made his first political speech from the vehicle at the corner of Mt. Vernon and Dorchester Avenue and was elected a delegate. Shortly afterward he was sent to the Massachusetts Senate, where he got in his first real licks at legislative in-fighting.

While in the convention, McCormack was exempt from the draft when it went into effect in 1917, but he refused to take advantage of the prerogative and signed up in the army as a private. He was discharged while in officers' training, without getting overseas.

Had it not been for the odd combination of a canvas-topped roadster and a sense of chivalry, McCormack's days as a bachelor might have continued well into the postwar period. But they were numbered from the moment Harriet Joyce turned up at Nantasket Beach, where he was vacationing one summer at a friend's home. During a sudden squall, Miss Joyce got into difficulty getting the top of her car up. McCormack was the stranger who saw her distress and came to her rescue. That night he saw Miss Joyce and her mother off at the station. A year later they were married. Mrs. McCormack has never regretted giving up a budding Metropolitan career as a contralto to become the wife of a congressman.

MCCORMACK spent the next few years getting some knock-down-drag-out experience as a trial lawyer with the firm of Farrer, McCormack, and Hardy. And when some Rose Kelly Club alumni hinted that Jimmy Gallivan, popular Democratic representative from McCormack's twelfth district, had been in Congress twelve years and needed opposition, he took the stump with his own money and campaigned against him.

Gallivan's following in South Boston, plus the support of Mayor James Curley, proved to be too much and he lost the primary, which is tantamount to losing the election in that district. During the race, he had naïvely called on the editor of every newspaper and recited his

political philosophy. Though most of them smiled tolerantly at the young upstart, they remembered the disarming approach. When Gallivan died in office in 1928, McCormack ran again. This time his district sent him to Washington with a comfortable plurality.

As a freshman congressman, McCormack was not content to sit on the sidelines. He hadn't been in Washington long before he was pointing out the danger to the country of subversive elements to anyone who would listen. By 1935, during the early days of the New Deal, he had convinced Congress that an investigation was in order. He was appointed to head the country's first un-American Activities Committee. His first committee chairmanship, he exercised its responsibilities with little hoopla and much regard for the rights of witnesses.

Operating on a shoestring budget of \$30,000, McCormack and five other representatives who comprised the committee had to do their own legwork, without the assistance of the FBI or any other investigative body. Nevertheless, when the sleuthing was completed, the committee had conducted seven public hearings and twenty-four executive hearings in Chicago, Los Angeles, New York, Washington, Asheville, and Newark.

It had taken 4,320 pages of testimony at these hearings and examined several hundred witnesses. McCormack went after Fascists and Commies alike, and with equal enthusiasm. He took pains, however, to see to it that neither was given the opportunity to use the witness chair as a soapbox. In taking the lid off Bund organizations, for instance, he discovered that many members were merely using the Nazis as a conduit for their anti-Semitic feelings and had little interest in the Third Reich. Accordingly, such witnesses were questioned in closed hearings to prevent any further spread of their racist doctrine.

Communists were given the same treatment. When Red leader Earl Browder took the stand to defend the position of the Communist Party in the United States, he was cut short by McCormack before he ever got a good dialectical punch in.

During a session concerning what went on at an executive committee of his party, Browder was asked what he meant by the "Negro question." The answer came back in good old-fashioned Marxist language: "It is a discussion of the problems involved in the struggle for liberation of the Negroes from their special oppression in the United States." Wiping his glasses with monumental disinterest, Chairman McCormack said: "We won't go into that philosophy now. That is all."

By the time the Committee had concluded its findings and submitted them to Congress, McCormack was probably the only man in the country being labeled "Communist" by the extreme right wingers and "Fascist" by the extreme left-wingers.

Today he takes a bemused pride in the distinction. The investigation, however, had far-reaching significance. It led to the eventual deportation of Bund leader Fritz Kuhn and the disbanding of the Nazi Party in America. Even more important, it established that the Communist Party in the United States was under the direction and control of the Kremlin. The Committee recommended that "Congress shall make it unlawful for any person to advocate a system which incites to the overthrow of our Government by force or violence . . . freedom of speech does not authorize insurrection or rebellion against the Government."

IT was this report which resulted in the Smith Act, enabling Judge Harold Medina to convict eleven leaders of the U.S. Communist Party twelve years later.

During the Roosevelt regime, McCormack was an Administration stalwart on the House floor. But he could hardly be described as a party hack. For example, his virulent anticommunist stand found little support. It was too far advanced for some of the more wild-eyed New Dealers.

On one occasion he demanded the recall from Moscow of U.S. Ambassador Steinhardt after Molotoff had made a speech he considered hostile to this country. On another occasion, he proposed withdrawing recognition of Russia in retaliation for attacking Finland. He also called for an investigation of Americans who enlisted to serve the Loyalist cause in Spain. When the war ended there, he urged Secretary of State Hull to recognize General Franco's government on the grounds that it was the *de facto* regime and, after all, the lesser of two evils.

In general, the majority leader has voted with the "conservative liberal" side of the House. He voted to override FDR's veto of the Soldier Bonus Bill when the President first came to the White House. And in 1940 he voted to delay peacetime selective service until a voluntary enlistment program was tried out.

On the other hand, he voted to revise the Neutrality Act of 1939 which repealed the Arms Embargo; the Reciprocal Tariff Act, the Social Security Law; the "Tax the Wealth" plan of 1935; the wage and hour law, the Wagner Housing Act, the regulation of stock

(Continued on page 74)

THE *Sign* POST

by ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C.P.

Mass For Public Sinner

Can I have a Mass offered for the repose of the soul of a Catholic who remarried after divorce and who died without the ministrations of a priest?—R. M., BRISTOL, CONN.

To say the least, you may arrange that Mass be offered for him privately—that is, without public announcement—because of the possibility of last-minute repentance. As for arranging for a publicly announced Mass, you would do well to take your cue from whatever decision has been made by his parochial and diocesan authorities in connection with the funeral Mass.

By Canon 1240 of the Church's Code of Canon Law, Christian burial must be refused to public sinners. However, because of the severity of this penalty or sanction, it is not to be applied if there be any reasonable doubt in favor of the deceased. But if there be no room for favorable doubt in connection with public scandal, and if tangible evidence be wanting as to repentance, then consistency and congruity dictate that Christian burial be denied—also any other public suffrages. Each case has to be decided on its merits or demerits. Hence, we cannot give a blanket or cover-all reply.

Donation to Synagogue

The mother of a Jewish girl in our office died. Since we were unable to send flowers to the funeral, we (many of us Catholics) took up a collection to be sent to the synagogue in memory of the deceased, and to be used for charity. Permissible or not?—M. G., MALDEN, MASS.

Considering the purpose, motive, and circumstances, there is nothing reprehensible in Catholics having participated in this tribute to the deceased Jewess. Your purpose was charity; your motive, charitable sympathy for a bereaved co-worker; circumstances gave no handle for disedification—unless, perhaps, to those who are scandalized pharisaically. All in all, your participation in the joint tribute was commendable.

Privileged Childbirth

Is it true that the Virgin Mary enjoyed a painless delivery of her divine Son? Who attended her at birth? Did St. Ann enjoy the same privilege? How can God love us women when He permits us to suffer such pangs in childbirth—aren't we supposed to be human?—J. S., Queens Village, N. Y.

A virgin birth is miraculous and therefore excludes that pain which is normal to ordinary childbirth. From the

earliest days of the Church, the perpetual virginity of the Mother of Christ has been an undeniable point of Catholic faith. Mary's virginity as perpetual includes not only the conception of her Son through the miraculous efficiency of the Holy Spirit, but also His birth. "Therefore, the Lord Himself shall give you a sign. Behold, a virgin shall conceive and bear a son . . ." (Isaiah 7:14) This prophecy as to Mary's virginal conception and childbirth is confirmed by the record of St. Matthew. (1: 22,23) The Apostles' Creed states: "I believe in God, the Father Almighty . . . and in Jesus Christ, His only Son, Our Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary . . ."

As to Mary's virginal birth of Christ, it is alleged that the words of St. Luke imply conflict with the idea of virginity: "After the days of her purification, according to the law of Moses . . . they carried Him to Jerusalem to present Him to the Lord." (2:22) Mary's edifying compliance with the Mosaic Law does not argue that she needed purification, any more than Our Lord's baptism by St. John argues that He needed baptismal purification. We place so much emphasis upon Mary's virginity because, from start to finish, her miraculous motherhood is the reason for her privilege of painless childbirth.

Hence, the opinion of St. Jerome, quoted by St. Thomas Aquinas, is logical—no midwife was necessary, none was in attendance at the birth of Christ. Miraculously, His Mother "brought forth her first-born Son, wrapped Him up in swaddling clothes, and laid Him in a manger."

As for St. Ann, not even fantastic piety has ever suggested that she was privileged by virginal motherhood or by painless childbirth. Oldtime expressions, such as "the immaculate conception of St. Ann," refer to the fact that when her daughter, Mary, was conceived, Mary's soul was preserved from original sin. The privilege was the daughter's, not the mother's—it had to do with soul, not body.

To permit suffering is not to disprove love. Were it so, women should not mother children at all, because it is inevitable that children suffer from the time they teethe until they die. As for the pain typical of human childbirth, it is as normal as any other pain to which a rational animal is susceptible. It is impossible to create a human nature which is not *naturally* sensitive to pain as well as to pleasure.

After—and because—the woman had coaxed man to his downfall, the Almighty declared: "In sorrow shalt thou bring forth children." (Gen. 3:16) However, the Saviour who has taken a human nature as His own, declared also: "A woman, when she is in labor, hath sorrow because her hour is come: but, when she hath brought forth the child, she remembereth no more the anguish, for joy that a man is born into the world." (John 16:21) Eve's short-lived immunity from laborious childbearing was a privilege, a concession. Her daughters do not enjoy the immunity

because it was forfeited by the rebellious "mother of all the living."

However, there is compensation. Mothers enjoy a lifelong gratification, based upon the mother-child relationship, which fathers can only imagine—dimly, at that. Mothers enjoy a respect and gratitude unique among all human tributes. Wives there are who, through no fault of theirs, are childless and who would suffer without stint for the privilege of motherhood. But selfish wives, who become mothers unwittingly or reluctantly, interpret the travail of childbirth in terms of their resentment toward unwelcome children.

Annulment Not Divorce

Is an annulment to a Catholic what a divorce is to a non-Catholic?—J. H., CHICAGO, ILL.

NO! To a Catholic, a marriage annulment connotes one thing—a legal declaration by competent Church authority to the effect that a supposed marriage bond never did exist in a given case, that the marriage was not valid, and therefore the parties concerned are free to marry.

By contrast, to a non-Catholic a divorce signifies the legal erasure, by a civil court, of a marriage contract which is admitted to have been valid originally. Obviously, that legal gesture is an impudent disregard of the divine injunction: "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." (Matt.:19:6)

The Church tolerates civil divorce only when that legal formality is necessary, either as a follow-up to a Catholic annulment, or as a civil accompaniment to a Church permission for separation. Permission for permanent separation is given by the Church only in cases of extreme and hopeless incompatibility, for the sake of the injured party and the unfortunate children, and it implies no permission to remarry.

Did Christ Really Die?

How about enclosed from the CATHOLIC DIGEST (March, '52)? Would three hours of crucifixion be enough to guarantee death? Suppose an unbeliever denied that Christ really died?—G. G. BERGENFIELD, N. J.

The reality of Christ's death upon the cross is so universally accepted as true that the burden of proof to the contrary would have to be shouldered by anyone attempting a denial. Numerous unbelievers have attacked the truth of Our Lord's resurrection, thus implying that His murder was thoroughly successful. It was not until the last century that a handful of so-called freethinkers called His death in question. In the face of overwhelming proof to the contrary, they have alleged that, when taken down from the cross, Our Lord was unconscious temporarily, in a state of prolonged faint or syncope, and that He was revived by His followers.

St. John testifies: "Bowing His head, He gave up the ghost." (19:30) John was not only a contemporary—he was an eyewitness, there and then. It is absurd to suppose that the devoted group—Joseph of Arimathea, Nicodemus, the holy women, including His Mother—would have failed to revive the Victim had that been possible, or that they buried Him alive! But even supposing the absurd, the embalming process then customary, coupled with the sealed tomb, would have eliminated any imaginable hope of revival. Indeed, the apostles were so convinced of the Master's death that they were slow to accept His resurrection as a fact. Among the best witnesses to the death of Christ are His enemies—Jew and Gentile. When the tomb of the Crucified was found empty, they invented the fable of a stolen body—a body they considered to be still a corpse.

The author of "A Doctor Studies Crucifixion" refers to cases on record of victims of crucifixion who lasted for eight days. Obviously, Pilate expected the Man "in whom he found no fault" to last longer than three hours. "Pilate wondered that He should be already dead. And sending for the centurion, he asked him if He were already dead. And when he had understood it by the centurion, he gave the body to Joseph." However, we must bear in mind that the endurance of a victim of crucifixion is a very relative matter—depending upon such factors as previous suffering, loss of blood, and exhaustion. To the point—in experiments with volunteers, the doctor found that they could not stand more than ten minutes of suspension in the unbearable position of crucifixion. So, no doubt can be cast upon the reality of Christ's death, on the basis of an eight-day vs. three-hour comparison.

As to the immediate cause of Christ's death, the theory of Dr. Hynek is interesting. He maintains that in any case of crucifixion, the fatal condition is what is known as asphyxia—caused by lack of oxygen, excess of carbon dioxide in the blood, caused by interference with respiration. But in view of his own experiments, it is difficult to understand how a victim could last three hours, let alone several days. There are others who favor the theory that Our Lord died of a broken heart. By a "broken heart," a layman understands a psychological condition—a burden of grief so extreme as to culminate in death. By a broken heart, a physician understands a heart that is physically broken or ruptured, whether from physical or psychological causes. To say the least, Christ died from a broken heart in the layman's sense of the term, for His soul was "sorrowful even unto death." Authorities are not wanting who favor the theory that He died of a broken heart in the medical sense of the term. For a discussion of this theory, read the chapter entitled "Even Unto Death," in *God's Own Method*, advertised elsewhere in **THE SIGN**.

Traveler's Problem

Is a Canadian visiting the United States obliged to attend Mass on August 15? If Friday abstinence be in force on March 17 in one diocese, may a visitor to that diocese have meat if the abstinence has been dispensed on that day in his home diocese?—G. S. SCRANTON, PA.

For the most part, the laws of the Church oblige on a territorial basis or scale—that is, the laws extend to the Church on a world-wide scale, or—because of local modifications—on a limited scale. For example, according to the general law of the Church, there are ten holydays of obligation. But according to the law as modified for the United States, there are only six such holydays. August 15, the feast of Our Lady's Assumption to heaven, is one of the six. It is a holyday of obligation also in Halifax, Nova Scotia, although not in the rest of Canada. Therefore, permanent residents and visitors, in this country and in Halifax, N. S., are obliged to attend Mass on August 15.

Similarly, an American traveler in Italy, on the occasion of a holyday not observed in the United States, would be obliged to observe the law as it is in force in Italy. But—the other way 'round—an Italian visitor to this country would not have to attend Mass here on the feast days of Epiphany, St. Joseph, Corpus Christi, and Sts. Peter and Paul, although holydays of obligation in his own country and according to the general law of the Church.

The laws pertaining to fast and abstinence are interpreted on the same basis. Hence, a visitor to Diocese A, where the abstinence is not dispensed on a given day, may not eat meat, even though he would enjoy a dispensation in the territory of his home Diocese B. But a visitor to Diocese B may avail himself of the dispensation which prevails within that territory.

Slavery or Freedom?

I can think of your Catholic infallibility only as a species of thought control, resented so much in these dictatorial times.—P. B., BOSTON, MASS.

Scientists, statesmen, financiers, and the like would welcome thought control in their respective specialties, if only it guaranteed infallibility—the impossibility of error! On the one hand, such a guarantee would not stifle further thought, discussion, and progress—provided the specialists kept consistently to what they were infallibly sure of. You may not believe it, but such is the case with Catholic scholars in the sphere of faith and morals. On the other hand, they would not be free to commit themselves, and others dependent upon them, to intellectual suicide, by scuttling truth, as though truth were something as variable as the weather.

Aside from the separate problem of proving that infallibility does grace the Catholic Church, will you not grant that at least it would be a welcome guarantee in the sphere of religion, with the eternal salvation of immortal souls at stake? Infallibility is unthinkable unless it be delegated to us divinely. If divine, then there can be no imposition upon the human intellect which is, after all, fallible and in dire need of divine direction. What sane man will lapse into such a tantrum as to insist upon the freedom to be wrong? In a future issue of "Sign Post" we shall discuss Catholic arguments as to the fact.

Hypocrites In Disguise

We have trained our children as sincere Catholics and Americans. But we are discouraged. The immorality of so many in public office who "wink at" and profit by racketeering has become intolerable. To cap it all, why are such persons chosen to receive honorary degrees, to be keynote graduation speakers? Why should hypocrisy be condoned? Why contradict our home and school training?—R. G., PAWTUCKET, R. I.

To judge by your letter, the religious and patriotic training of your children has been ideal. For that very reason, they will be the better inured to the foibles of human nature as exemplified by certain political VIP's.

In all fairness, it is advisable to hasten slowly in forming a judgment—pro or con—as to public personages who are currently the storm centers of controversy. It is easier to be misunderstood by others than understood. Representative pictures of men are not always sheer white or jet black. To avoid libel suits, publications are accustomed to report of so and so, "it is alleged,"—implying that proof is yet to come.

However, there is no excuse for authorities in the educational field—above all for the heads of denominational schools—who confer academic honors upon hypocrites who are recognizable despite the guise of respectability, or for inviting such figureheads to pose as exemplars of Catholicity or Americanism. As you say, the young folks are no fools. Hence, in choosing representative persons to grace an occasion such as a commencement exercise, a Communion breakfast, or the like, discernment is imperative lest there be a gap of inconsistency between religious principle and practice.

Patron Saint?

Am anxious to know the patron saint of drunkards—I understand he lived in Ireland.—L. D., AUBURN, N. Y.

When we refer to a patron saint in connection with some problem or some particular class of persons, we understand an officially recognized saint who has acquired a well-

founded reputation for prayerful eloquence along that line. Generally speaking, the special interest thus manifested by the saintly patron corresponds with an identical or similar problem with which he had to cope during his own time in the Church Militant.

Saint John the Baptist is considered an appropriate patron for addicts, on the basis of the testimony of St. Luke: "He shall be great before the Lord, and shall drink no wine nor strong drink. . . ." (1:15) Probably, the Irish exemplar of temperance whom you have in mind is the reformed alcoholic, Matt Talbot, known popularly as "the saint in overalls." His life story is an inspiration, even to the desperate, for he had been, humanly speaking, a hopeless addict. Steps toward official recognition of his virtue as heroic have been taken by the authorities of the archdiocese of Dublin.

Relics

Please give some information on the relics of church altars.—D. M., CHICAGO, ILL.

The identification, custody, and veneration of relics are regulated by the Church's Code of Canon Law. The Church is intent on the avoidance of two extremes—the bigotry of the die-hards who treasure images of their parents, patriotic emblems and the like, while they repudiate the veneration of religious souvenirs as idol worship, and—on the other hand—any excessive piety or other abuse that would endanger the balanced respect due to sacred and, therefore, venerable relics.

Relics are venerated in ratio to the sacredness of the person involved. Hence, the most precious relic is that of the True Cross upon which Christ died—a tiny portion of which is enclosed in the pectoral cross worn by a bishop. Next in order are the relics of the Mother of Christ. Relics derived from the bones of canonized saints are, of course, more precious than indirect relics consisting of their garments, or the like. Among the most prized relics are those of the martyrs—the outstanding heroes of Christianity.

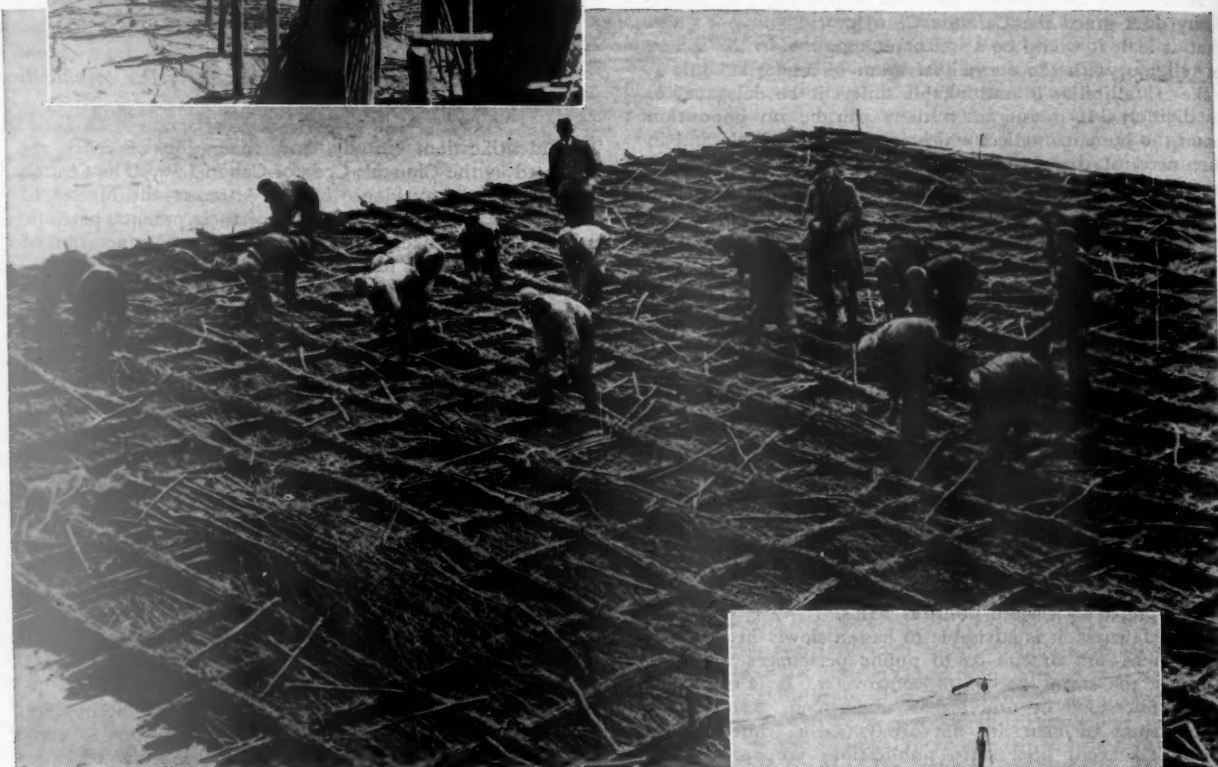
A church altar destined for Mass must have a consecrated altar stone. In that stone—placed in the center of the altar table—there must be the relic of at least one martyr. Ideally, it should contain the relics of several martyrs. Ordinarily, the relic of a person who is beatified but not yet canonized, may not be used for public veneration. No relic may be venerated publicly, unless its genuineness has been duly guaranteed and recorded. Because the altar stone is consecrated, and because it is the repository of martyrs' relics, it is kissed many times by the celebrating priest during the course of the Eucharistic sacrifice. The inclusion of martyrs' relics in the altars of today is a continuation of a custom begun when the Church was first driven underground, when the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered on martyrs' tombs.

It As In Humbug

A picture story in Look magazine prompts this question. I know you'll laugh but my girl friends and I are quite serious. What special day in Lent should you pray for a husband? What three shrines should we visit in order to meet the man whom we are to marry?—B. G., ARVERNE, N. Y.

Just because you are serious, we are not amused. Since when should anyone—above all, a Catholic—depend upon *Look* as a source of guidance in religious matters? Superstitious humbug is so rampant among some of our people as to be disturbing, for thus the genuine virtue of hope and its prayerful expression are exposed to ridicule.

New Land for Holland



• For centuries now Holland has battled against one of the most ruthless invaders, the mighty sea. At one time the sea water washed over about 40 per cent of her land and carried away the rich soil. To densely populated Holland (with 297 people per square kilometer against 19 in the United States) this was a challenge to her very existence as a nation. She was forced to battle the sea.

Though dikes of various descriptions have been built for centuries, the greatest of dikes was completed in the early 1930's which blocked off the North Sea forming the famous Zuider Zee. This man-made lake is being dammed up into sections or "polders" and filled with rock and soil. The pictures on these pages show how the eastern polder of Zuider Zee is being filled in. It will give back to Holland over one hundred and twenty-five thousand acres of rich land. This means more homes, more farms and industries for an alert and growing nation.

Top. First step in building of dike. Willows are cut and prepared for mat.

Center. Large floating mat which will form the foundation of the new dike.

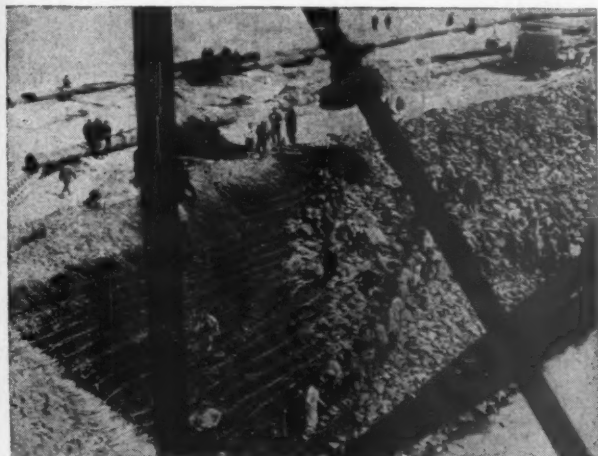
Bottom: Tug pulls the completed mat to the desired area in Zuider Zee.



A firm foundation is made by covering the mattress with large rocks, causing it to sink in position.



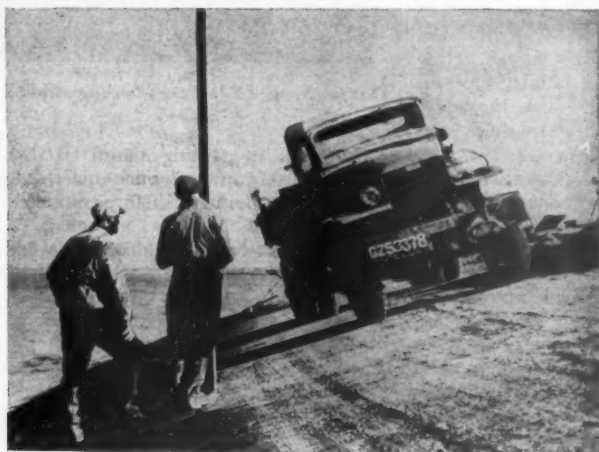
After the rock foundation, sand is pumped in and poured over the rock to form the body of the dike.



Willow mats are put on side of dike and filled with rock. At the base the dike is 350 feet wide.



Over the dike's sloping side, a thick layer of asphalt and sand are poured to prevent washouts.



Workers put the finishing touches on the dike. Soon farmers will replace fishermen in the area.



On the top of the dike, water pipes and electric lines are buried in ground before final surfacing.

★ A SIGN PICTURE STORY ★

Light in Darkness

by **HUGH B. CAVE**

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK KALAN

To well-meaning friends, Matthew's lonely vigil was the foolish obsession of a pitiful old man—but his faithfulness was not without reward

CARSTAIRS, the white-haired Resident Magistrate, approached the once prosperous Koengi Plantation with a feeling of uneasiness. He had called on Matthew Ferguson before. He knew what to expect.

Nothing was left of Koengi since the war. There wasn't a lonelier mile of coast in New Guinea—in the whole South Pacific. To be forced to spend the night here, with a man who didn't yet know the war was over, was asking too much even of a harassed government official.

But he soon wouldn't be a government official, Carstairs told himself. On that score his mind was made up. There was consolation in the knowledge that on returning to his post he would send in his resignation.

Nosing between tiny islets, the launch rumbled toward the plantation pier, and Carstairs scowled toward the dilapidated

house on shore, knowing what would happen the moment its occupant heard the mutter of the boat's engine. Happen it did. While the launch was still a hundred feet from the dock, the house door clattered open and the old man hurried out.

In his right hand was a stick, with a white cloth tied to the end of it.

Without a glance toward the boat, Ferguson ran to the middle of the clearing and looked up. There was nothing to see, even if his straining eyes had been normal. The sky was an empty, blazing dome, shimmering with heat. Not even a cloud, unless you looked far inland to the misty peaks rising out of Papua's unmapped jungle.

Carstairs, with a sigh, spoke in pidgin to the dark-skinned native at the wheel. As the craft touched the pier, the boy cut loose with a blast of the whistle. Matthew Ferguson stopped waving his

Out in the middle of the clearing stood a

white cloth and swung about, startled, then glanced upward once more, obviously disappointed, before plodding to the shore.

They shook hands. Old Matthew led the way to the house. "I didn't hardly expect you this month, Mr. Carstairs," he said, fussing with the bottle of whisky he kept especially for the R.M.'s rare visits.

"My report this month has to be complete," Carstairs told him. "It will be the last."

"The last? You mean you're bein' shifted to another district?"

Carstairs sipped his drink. Outside the house, his launch boys were jabber-



ghostly figure—Ferguson, in his pajamas, vigorously waving a flashlight

ing excitedly with the handful of natives who worked for Ferguson on the plantation, and he waited patiently for the racket to subside.

"I mean I'm quitting," he said then, grimly. "Twenty years of my life I've devoted to this dismal land of swamp and jungle. And for what? For nothing! It's a thankless job and a useless one. If I were contributing any thing—"

A sudden rumble from the direction of the pier interrupted him. Old Matthew Ferguson leaped for the door. If Carstairs had not thrust out a hand, the old man would have rushed outside with his signal flag.

"Sit down," the Resident Magistrate said. "It's only my boss boy tinkering with the launch."

"I—I thought—"

"Matthew, I've told you time and again your boy is dead. I've showed you the official report. The war's over, long since. Why won't you believe me?"

Matthew sat down again. "It didn't really sound like an airplane, come to think of it," he said. "I have to be sure, though. Can't take any chances. Now then, what's this about you quittin' your job, Mr. Carstairs?"

Carstairs sighed. This was what he had to look forward to until morning—the antics of a lunatic. Ferguson was

harmless, of course, but any sort of rational conversation with him was impossible. Half-blind, frail, almost penniless, the poor fellow thought he was still living in Port Moresby back in '42, the frightful days when the enemy was rampaging toward Australia and a handful of brave lads in tired airplanes struggled to turn the tide.

Ferguson's boy, Jim, had been one of those pilots. The old man himself, stationed up in the hills, had been given the job of watching for enemy planes and guiding friendly planes home when the weather turned foul and pilots lost their way.

He thought he was still doing it. He

thought he was watching the sky now to flash a homing signal to his own boy. But it was a little late, Carstairs reflected sadly. Seven years late. If Jim Ferguson's plane were still flying, it was a ghost plane, a "Flying Dutchman," doomed to roar through the skies forever. The jungle must long since have covered the last twisted piece of wreckage. No one had walked back to tell the tale.

"Yes, I'm quitting. Going home," Carstairs said. He had to talk about something, after all. "Home to Sydney, Matthew. My daughter's there, at school. It's three years since I've seen her. Three wasted years."

"Wasted? Why?"

"I've told you why! My work is meaningless. I accomplish nothing. I'm no more necessary here than — than you are."

Matthew Ferguson chose to ignore the pointed part of that remark. "Seems to me," he said, "you might be more important than you think. You take our soldiers. Lots of 'em would've died in the bush if it wasn't for friendly natives givin' 'em a hand. And who made the natives friendly, eh? Who's responsible for bringin' law and order to this dark land? Why, you — and others like you. Course, it's a long, slow job and you don't always see the results firsthand, but—"

THEY were interrupted again, this time only by one of Carstairs' boys, bringing a case of supplies up from the launch. Old Ferguson eyed the box eagerly as the boy set it down.

"I'm bad off for flashlight batteries," he said. "Hope you brought some. You remember, I asked you."

The Resident Magistrate felt like an errand boy. "Of course," he said wearily. "Of course."

It was a long evening. With the shift of the breeze at sundown, the rude house became unbearably hot and insects gathered in clouds, for the mountains at Koengi were far from the coast and the land breeze was an oven blast weighted with smells of jungle rot. Koengi, Carstairs recalled, had never been a comfortable place. Fairly prosperous, yes, before wartime neglect had ruined it, but never easy. Certainly it was no place now for a feeble old man whose pioneering days were behind him. He pitied Matthew from the bottom of his heart.

At ten the rain began. Tired of the old man's company, he went to bed. But the deluge, the rumble of thunder, and the roar of the rising wind kept him awake, and at midnight the slamming of the screen door brought him up again. He trudged out to the veranda to see what Ferguson was up to.

Half-blind the old man might be, but there was nothing wrong with his hearing. The tortured sky directly overhead throbbed with a mutter of airplane engines, and out in the middle of the clearing stood a ghostly figure, Ferguson in his pajamas, oblivious of the storm's fury, vigorously waving a flashlight. The light was a huge thing, a relic of war days, casting an orange beam high into the night.

Carstairs threw on a coat and went to him. "Come to bed, Matthew. It's only the plane from Merauke. You've seen it scores of times."

But the old man shook him off, and knowing it was useless, Carstairs returned to the house. Not until the sound in the heavens was altogether gone did the old man follow him.

It rained all the next day, and the day after, and the day after that, while the Resident Magistrate's launch plodded homeward along the coast. Progress was slow. The Gulf of Papua is treacherous when the monsoon winds lash it, and the coast, cut to muddy ribbons by rain-swollen rivers, lies in wait to ensnare a careless craft. But on the fourth day, exhausted, battling the first chills of a new bout of fever, Carstairs reached his post. The sight of his tidy, well-kept house with the flag flying above its red roof failed to cheer him. He barely glanced at the native police boys lined up smartly to bid him welcome.

His resignation—that was all that mattered.

But waiting for him was a woman.

He looked at her in amazement. Three years ago his daughter had been a mere child, self-conscious, a bit awkward. He gazed now at a vision and clung to her hands, stunned by the transformation.

"Surprised?" she said happily. "I was in Darwin and thought I'd run over to say hello. I've brought along someone I want you to meet." She led him inside. "Darling, this is Bill—Bill Thompson. He's in government service too."

Carstairs knew how it was even before he released the young man's firm hand. It saddened him a little, to think of his daughter planning to marry so soon. Especially to a man in government service who, if he were not careful, might very likely wind up in just such a place as this. Still, Thompson was a good-looking, clean-cut boy, obviously capable . . .

They were so downright happy, the pair of them, that he decided to say nothing of his impending resignation. At least not yet. "I've had a rough trip," he told them, thinking of the wasted hours at old Ferguson's place, and the three-day storm. "I envy you two, getting here from Darwin in just a few hours' flying time."

They exchanged glances. Edith grimaced, and young Thompson said flatly, "We almost didn't get here at all, sir."

(Continued on page 77)



After Merauke the storm hit us, and the pilot lost his way

Woman to Woman

by KATHERINE BURTON

Flight Into Egypt

A PLAY IS RUNNING in New York called *Flight Into Egypt*. Though I have not seen it, the reviews with their copious quotations and definition of plot give a good picture of it. It is a tragedy about refugees, and its theme is that there is no home for the refugee but home—"no valid direction for him but that which takes him back to his original home." That strikes me as sheer nonsense, good theater maybe but not good actual life.

For one thing, this is not the first time that refugees have come to this country. In a way it has been built by refugees, some of whom are called immigrants, and most of them fled from something. There were those who came from Ireland in the early nineteen hundreds, seeking escape from famine and sometimes death sentences. Many came from Germany, seeking freedom from oppression during the same time.

Probably most of those who read this do not remember two books by a young Vassar graduate, Myra Hills, who taught in New York's east-side elementary schools. *Wards of Liberty* was one; the other *Little Citizens*. They were stories of Jewish children whose families had fled with them from terror in Russia and Poland. For terror antecedes the present regime in Russia, as it sadly has in others. But if anyone feels anti-Semitic at the moment I suggest reading these books. They are not concerned with political movements or floating large sums for establishing a country where today Arabian children are suffering the injustice that only recently Jewish children endured in the land of the Nazis. These books show that it is the small kindness, the individual kindness, that brings about the good life. A nation must not be harsh to thousands—nor to one. This rule is what has most helped the refugee of today or yesterday—individual good will, individual justice. We tend to feel that way in this country.

Thick Skin, Thin Skin

Sentences which critics quote from this new play caught me. The wife at one point (the refugees are a family of three) cries to God for "a thick skin and all the pity He can spare," and at another a character says, close to the end of the pain-brimmed story, "With all this agony you could build a cathedral."

Now, much of the trouble with the world has been thick skins. There is, I suppose, nothing so thin-skinned as a saint. Thick-skinned people one thinks of as devoid of pity, unfeeling. Compassion means suffering with, and that is the essence of charity.

Far be it from me to try to judge—I who have lived all my life in a country which, no matter what its minor errors, does have a deep basis of Christian love and Mosaic justice. It seems inept to try to judge what such refugees as these must be feeling. But I don't think you can make a general theme out of such suffering as this of a man who left Vienna because of the "oldness and the smallness and the guns." To escape guns would be fine with me too, but one would think he would love the oldness and the smallness of a place where he belonged. The clue is the

volume of Walt Whitman which he carries with him. Frankly, I think he would have been better off with our optimistic Longfellow or our sturdy Emerson.

Then, too, the title irritates me as a sort of semitruth. If we are going to use the original flight into Egypt in its original sense—and surely that should be the symbolic reason for a title—something is wrong. The whole idea of the original flight into Egypt was to save a life that was of value to the world—to save it for the world—to save the world. This man is intent on saving himself, and incidentally his family. His wife is the real sufferer, the real altruist, the valiant doer, and she looks like fine material for an American citizen. She is intent on saving him and the child and utterly forgetful of self.

Right here I should like to say a few words about the refugees in our midst, many of them now American citizens, men and women often of learning and professional skills. I remember some years ago watching at a clinic a gray-haired doctor putting a bandage on the dislocated shoulder of a Negress who was very frightened. I was caught by two things—the skill, the precision, one might almost say the art, with which he wound the bandages, and by the way he quieted her fear. He had been afraid himself; he knew how to calm the fearful. Later he spoke to me of his own city—the same Vienna of the stage hero—but the smallness and oldness were evidently still dear to him, though lost. He had now remade his life among strangers and he was helping them as he had been helped.

What Cathedrals Are Made Of

It is possible I have seen only the right kind of refugee, but I have certainly been impressed by their kindness and their willingness to help and not merely be helped. They came for safety and a livelihood, and how graciously they thank us for having given it to them.

I know a Russian and a Hungarian and a German—all of whom came from cities of fear; today they are intent on helping other people, not roaming around looking for Walt Whitman's world.

Also in the play there is that irritating sentence about building a cathedral with all the agony. The point is, of course, that that is what cathedrals are built out of. In fact, the one reason for building a cathedral at all is to honor a great agony that saved and saves the world.

I suppose what I am trying to say is that one ought to have a feeling of altruism about life. Moaning is not really worth while unless one moans about someone else's troubles. And of course that is the secret of it all.

If you have read—and if not I hope you do—the books by Anderson on the Cathedral of Notre Dame, you will realize it was built by the people. Kings and saints and warriors and architects helped, but the people without names did too, and they built it stone by stone. And I am certain that of those who reach our shores today there are many who out of their great past agony are helping build cathedrals in this land of ours which is now theirs too. Let us pray not for a thick skin but for a thin one so that we may share suffering and feel it stinging us to action.

by
ALOYSIUS J. WYCISLO

**Underlying the Point IV Program is the acceptance of
a moral responsibility. It is not a panacea for the world's ills**

LOOKING AT POINT FOUR

THE frontier that was America extends today beyond the seven seas. In the wake of American ships and planes, in areas less fortunate than ours, we now have neighbors who have become acutely aware of the gap between their living standards and those we enjoy. The underfed and the underprivileged no longer accept poverty as a way of life. They are demanding, and rightly so, food for their hungry stomachs, decent shelter, better health, opportunities for education, advancement, and a better life.

In some areas of the world we find great abundance and, in some, sinful waste and destruction. In some countries there is a lack of food to give life, and the absence of conditions that allow minimum happiness. There are countries where God-given resources lie buried in the earth, undeveloped for lack of knowledge. There are countries where sickness and early death deny men, women, and children the opportunity for a full life, countries where illiteracy and the absence of facilities for education prevent development and the improvement of conditions of living.

Point IV is the "bold new program" announced by President Truman in his inaugural address of January 20, 1949. In the fourth point of that address, the President announced a program "that would make available to peace-loving peoples the benefits of our store of technical knowledge, in order to help them realize their aspirations for a better life. . . . More than half the people of the world are living in conditions approaching misery. Their food is inadequate. They are victims of disease. Their economic life is primitive and stagnant.

"Our aim," continued the President, "should be to help the free peoples of the world through their own efforts to produce more food, more clothing, more materials for housing, and more mechanical power to lighten their burdens."

Point IV has been designed to do more than improve the economic con-

ditions of certain areas of the world. It has other aims, let us even call them selfish American aims, or aims that are a vital part of enlightened American self-interest. One of these aims is to combine technical assistance in the exchange of skills and knowledge with capital investment; the other, an instrument to implement American foreign policy.

Where new knowledge and skills are introduced into a country, they need, in some instances, to be accompanied by some form of investment. Certain contributions of funds are being made to meet the administrative costs of the program, not only by the countries sharing this help, but also by those providing it. The United States' share of such costs is a relatively modest one, since it has been emphasized that Point IV is no give-away program. Capital investment must come from private sources and, to date, such investment has been encouraged even with the use of some public funds, in order to ad-

vance the program, stimulate the flow of private money, and set an example by keeping the promise made in the announcement of the program, "that there will be no exploitation for profit."

In evaluating the aim of Point IV as an instrument of American foreign policy, emphasis is given to its relation to the present-day struggle for the hearts and minds of men. Our new role of leadership in the world of today imposes upon us the responsibility for the decision as to whether men will be forced to surrender their human dignity and personal freedom, or whether we will help remove the climate for Communism and provide opportunity for the material and spiritual security of all men. Herein, from a political point of view, lies our real interest in the Point IV program.

The Point IV program is an enterprise based essentially on the relationship of one man to another. It is a practical demonstration of how skills and information can be exchanged between one man and another. Its goal is to teach and help people to want to help themselves by sharing with them the simple technical achievements so many of us take for granted here in America. Already, there are 619 Americans engaged in the program in 34 countries, and 372 persons from other countries in the United States studying our way of doing things, meeting our technicians and learning from them. Thus it is that this great task of trying to raise the standard of living in underdeveloped countries is a responsibility to which many can contribute their talents and their experience. In what fields? Eighty per cent of the Point IV projects in operation today fall into these three categories: food, health, and education. Of these three, food is the most urgent field of work and, when we think of food, we think of agriculture, of the farm.

More than half the people of the world do not have enough to eat. The underdeveloped areas are those in which agriculture has not kept pace with the



Harris & Ewing
**President Truman explains
Point IV at 1949 inaugural**

"One is often reminded today that the world is much smaller than it was a century, even a generation ago. Vast strides made by industry and the inventive genius of the human mind have thrown around this earthly globe bonds that draw together the remotest regions where men toil and make merry, love and suffer and strive for peace and prosperity.

"It is an encouraging fact that this very suffering which is the common lot which sooner or later, in one form or another, falls to every man, and this very human craving for peace are also cementing, if not yet genuine friendship, at least a deepening sense of mutual interest, of sympathy and mutual need, which wise statesmanship will devote its enlightened and most effective efforts to strengthen, make permanent, and ennoble."

POPE PIUS XII

needs of population. Point IV technicians are trying to teach farmers to make better use of their land, by showing them how their land may be made to yield more and better crops through the use of modern implements, improved seeds, and modern methods of cultivation.

One of the great lessons we have learned as a consequence of the last war is that the large relief programs for people in need, which seem so important to us, look much different to those on the receiving end. Those whom we helped were and still are grateful for the bowl of rice, the cup of soup, the

canned meat and vegetables, the powdered eggs and milk. But looking at these vast shipments of relief through their eyes, we learn that it is more important to be willing to go out and live with these people, work with them, learn with them; more important to avoid the comfortable hotels, the big cities, and go into the country prepared to take up a simple agricultural tool and show them how they might learn to use it to better advantage; more important to share with them our knowledge on the conservation of soil, the improvement of forests, irrigation and draining techniques, crop selection, and

improvement in the production and distribution of seeds, the control of plant diseases and pests. Briefly, teach them to produce their own, and better, bowl of rice. Relief programs alone are not enough; they must be coupled with programs for rehabilitation.

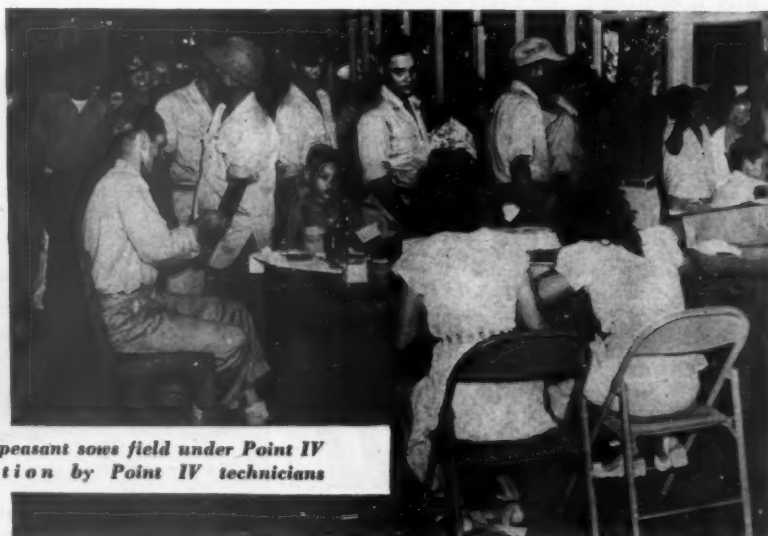
Here is an opportunity for genuine apostolic work—this taking hold of one handle of the plow and helping our neighbor across the seas to dig a straighter furrow, leading to a better life. Just suppose that every year, upon completing their courses and a short term of apprenticeship, ten Catholic college men moved into the less-developed areas of the world to work beside the missionary. Just suppose that a hundred American farmers would be willing to give up the comforts of an American home—radio, television, the movies—to live among the peoples in need of their knowledge and experience. That is what is meant when we write of bringing new knowledge and skills to the underdeveloped countries.

More than half the people of the world are victims of preventable diseases because their life is primitive and stagnant. In most of the underdeveloped areas, the average life span is less than half as long as in our own country. I lived and traveled in several typical backward countries and saw a prevalence of preventable diseases and a mortality among infants and children that was shocking. There was a lack of sanitation and knowledge in the use of simple medicines.

The Point IV program is not a miracle drug that will take away the pain and illnesses of half the world. Among its great benefits will be the opportunity



*European peasant sows field under Point IV
Inoculation by Point IV technicians*



for dedicated and selfless individuals who are willing to live among the disease-ridden populations and help them lessen the incidence of sickness and death.

It is in this field of health, particularly, that the Catholic Church will need always to bring not only its experience, but its tremendous influence for good. The medical missionary is a vital cog in the development of the Point IV program. Officials of the program recognize this and, where the Catholic medical missionary is making a contribution to the improvement of health conditions in an area, he is sought out and use is made of his experience and knowledge.

Medical science in the United States has made great advances and, with the resources at its command, has developed drugs that are vitally needed in the underdeveloped countries. The Point IV program is using the skills and knowledge in this field to great advantage. Effective projects have been initiated for the control of tuberculosis, malaria, and other diseases associated with poverty and the lack of proper sanitation. Maternal and child health clinics are in operation, leprosaria and health education programs, many under the direction of Catholic Sisters, doctors, and nurses are aided and encouraged.

As people have better health and better food, they begin to overcome the lethargy that has been a part of their existence, they begin to move around, they look for more education, for more opportunities to learn how their neighbors across the seas live. Inversely, there can be no progress in any other field, no hope of improvement in the standard of living, without a good educational program.

Point IV, as was hinted above, is basically a program in which knowledge is exchanged. Its direct approach

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is to the minds of men. Point IV is not going to build schools, but it provides the incentive to build them. Although it may grant some aid to American-sponsored schools in the underdeveloped areas by making use of the teachers in these schools, Point IV provides more directly for the exchange of students and professors, opportunity for on-the-job training, apprenticeship, vocational school courses, and maintenance of training centers.

THE Catholic Church excels in the role of training teachers. Experience which has been gained in the international exchange of knowledge and skills through the various programs of the Catholic Church is of great importance. Where Point IV touches upon the development process in countries whose traditions and culture have been Catholic, or where Point IV plans are being developed in so-called Catholic countries, Catholic technicians have unusual opportunities for service. For other areas, there is no apparent disregard of those missionary technicians of the Church who have raised the level of education, who have taught various cultural and ethnic groups to do their own thinking and planning, and to co-operate in the formulation of activities leading to better health, improvements in agriculture, and better living conditions.

Point IV will succeed only in proportion to the number of capable and effective personnel that become engaged in its objectives. We desire to share our mind, our hearts, our hands. Men and women who have not only the necessary technical competence but the personal qualifications necessary for doing this

kind of work in foreign countries are needed, men and women who desire to share America and American advantages with our neighbors in far off lands, who desire to interpret that heritage of our country that comes not only from its wealth, its progress, its achievements, but from its spiritual ideals. Point IV needs individuals who understand and appreciate the cultures of people and their religious background; people who have a faculty for using native leadership, who possess the ability for the delicate task of getting over to these leaders whatever in our technical knowledge may be useful to them.

May we soon envisage curricula in our Catholic colleges in the United States designed to train such technicians for the Point IV program. May we soon witness the same interest in training people for Point IV that we see, for instance, in the training of our heroic and self-sacrificing missionaries.

The great underlying concept of the Point IV program is the acceptance of a moral responsibility we have, not only to share the material and technical skills with which God has blessed the United States, but likewise the spiritual ideals in which we believe and which so many desire. Our country stands out in terms of this responsibility which is so grave that the peace of the world may well depend upon us. This new role in the international scene obliges us to prove, through action, our belief in democracy and peace, our desire to share with our neighbors a better life, some hope for security, and a larger portion of happiness. If America is to fulfill all her obligations in that role, certainly American Catholics will want to support a common American aim that seeks to promote peace by removing basic causes of war, that seeks, above all, the moral and spiritual welfare of people all over the world.



Use of modern steel plow-head will revolutionize Indian farm methods



Health and sanitation survey conducted by Point IV technical team as preliminary to agricultural development

Many experts favor
Elbe-Enns (Linz)
defense plan



General Gruenther presides over SHAPE Combined Staff conference. German generals may soon join this group

Acme & Wide World photos

Talks with Europe's leading military
strategists reveal some interesting views regarding
United States troops in NATO setup

Eisenhower's Six Divisions

by ROBERT INGRIM

THE six American divisions under General Eisenhower's command are becoming so legendary that lots of people begin to doubt whether they really exist. They march through every speech on world affairs, and even when they do not get mentioned, you still hear their drums and cadenced feet. They are playing a part as conspicuous as if they were not six but one hundred and sixty.

Their size is astonishing because they are a fighting force of 400,000 men. Hence, one division amounts to almost 67,000—about thrice the size of the division of the European Defense Community to come. In fact, there is a mathematical legerdemain in it. When, after the outbreak of the Korean war, President Truman and his military advisers asked Congress to replace the two occupation divisions in Germany by six defense divisions in Europe, they spoke

of 220,000 men. Some months later, General George C. Marshall, then Secretary of Defense, casually as is his habit, dropped the figure 400,000. Had his tongue slipped or had the senators misunderstood? No, he said, six front-line divisions are 400,000 men—if you include all there is to such a force. For instance, all their air and ground personnel. Marshall did not go into details, and people were allowed to keep guessing whether he had only alluded to the tactical air arm or also to the operational one. In a situation like that, parliamentarians find it hard to examine military arithmetic, and the generals are even capable of beating them in the field of sentimentality: "It worries you to expose so many of our boys to the uncertainties of a distant continent. We

agree, but fewer than 400,000 men would not be able to look after their own safety."

That remark of Omar Bradley's, Chief of the Joint Staffs, aroused some misgivings in those circles in Europe which consider it their job to distrust anything coming from America. There you are, they said, the Americans have no other thought than how to retreat in an orderly fashion to their transport ships. What they are planning is a gigantic Dunkirk. Tenderly they think of their boys, but the countries those troops ought to help defend are of little concern to them.

That is a strange argument, based, as it seems, on the notion that an army's own safety and its task are two sharply separated matters. Many Europeans are convinced that it is a typically American opinion. As a matter of fact, the Americans were the pioneers and champions

of what is called technical warfare; in a much higher degree than Europeans and Asiatics they lived up to the principle of using and sacrificing material rather than human substance. Every nation wages war according to its own habits and standards, and General Marshall, Chief of Staff in the last war, acted like the American manufacturer who jumps into mass production after an irritatingly protracted period of minute preparation. There are, as everyone knows, valid objections to this type of warfare, because by losing time one may also lose never recurring opportunities. Eisenhower's advance into Europe after his Normandy landing was judged too slow by Russian and German experts. But for the individual soldier it was certainly nicer to serve under Marshall than under Hitler or Stalin, and the loss of time and opportunities may be compensated for by the fact that a nation that has not been bled white during the war will more quickly recover in the ensuing peace and will sooner be ready to meet further aggression.

FOUR hundred thousand men are certainly better fitted to take care of their security than 220,000. Likewise they can more easily and safely master their job. Now, to return to those six divisions. What is exactly the nature of their task in Europe? The public has been given three versions. Here they are:

(a) The six divisions are a warning bell. They symbolize America's resolve to be in the war at once if the Red Army dares to advance to the West. As a symbol, much fewer than 400,000 men would suffice, but the warning would look less serious if the United States were represented by a smaller force. A symbol must be representative; a royal crown must not be made of cardboard.

(b) The dispatch of six divisions to Europe is compatible with the desire, widely held in Congress, to employ in distant continents only or chiefly the air force with its atomic superiority. What would be the use of air bases if the enemy could destroy or even occupy them? There must be ground troops between him and those bases. The six divisions are an advanced guard for our airbases.

(c) The dominant interpretation: The six divisions are an emergency roof; they are a shield, meant to grant the Europeans the minimum of safety they need in order to prepare their own defense without enemy interference. The six divisions are a point of crystallization; they are, at least temporarily, the core of the international force to come.

As a matter of fact, it would be wrong

and contrary to military tactics, to fix an army's task in advance, because it is as variable as the enemy's decisions and the fortunes of war. The three versions just enumerated are intertwined. Of greater import is the vital question whether those six divisions are able to execute serious assignments.

Compared with the manpower at Stalin's disposal, even 400,000 men are but a drop of water on a burning stone. But this is a slightly misleading way of putting it. This article would be senseless if we did not answer the following questions: What can be done to make a westward advance appear as a dangerous venture to the Soviet leaders? What can be done to divert the main weight of the Soviet war machine from Europe?

Trying to reply to these questions, we may start from several premises.

(1) For the expansion of Communist imperialism, the possession of Western Europe, even of Western Germany alone, would be of greater value than the possession of China.

(2) Stalin has not yet attacked Western Europe for a variety of reasons: For a long time, he believed that Europe would fall into his lap like an over-ripe fruit, anyway. Even he is not entirely free to lead his subjects, especially his satellites, into another great war deliberately; he is afraid of America's atomic weapons; he feels that against America's and the British Commonwealth's industrial superiority he might win many battles, but not the war.

(3) If the reasons just enumerated under (2) were to be contradicted or overruled, which cannot be counted out, the danger of a Soviet advance would grow. It can wax and wane like the moon. The never-ending race between the armor and the shell applies to every weapon and its counterweapon.

And now, what are the possibilities of deterring the westward march of the Soviet armies? It is no secret that General Eisenhower and his European advisers, among them German generals with experience in Soviet warfare, feel unable to hold the entire length of the Elbe-Werra demarcation line, which is by no means a strategic border. An immediate counteroffensive cannot be contemplated, and that means that operational movements, at least in the beginning, could only be directed backward. The well-known plan to keep two corner pillars, a northern and a southern one, has often been misinterpreted by the malevolent and the ignorant. That plan is not an invitation to the Rus-

sians to flow happily into the German and French plains. It is meant to be a deterrent: Beware of what will happen to your flanks if you dare to walk into that open trap!

Parenthetically, it may be remarked that the Soviet High Command seems to have grasped that situation perfectly. In Austria, the Reds have displayed a comparatively co-operative attitude which is sometimes cited as an example of what Germany could enjoy if only Adenauer and Acheson were a little less naughty. But Soviet policy in Austria is easily explained: By the simple threat to split that country, and to advance the Iron Curtain from the Hungarian-Czech frontiers to the Enns River, the Soviets have succeeded in preventing the inclusion of the Austrian Alps in the western defense system. There Eisenhower's meridional pillar has a yawning gap.

IT goes without saying the six U.S. divisions would not be strong enough by themselves to hold even one of those two corner pillars, let alone to mount a counterthrust from there into the flank of the Soviet invasion armies. Hence, the absolute necessity of European co-operation, and above all of a German contribution, because foreign troops cannot defend a country unaided by its inhabitants without creating hostility between themselves and the latter. There is also a geographical fact that refutes the doltish demand of German Leftists that "risks and chances must be equal among allies." Absent from the high seas for the time being, German ships, in case of war, would not share the risks of American, British, and French ones in the face of Soviet submarines.

And now the further question: What can be done to divert the main weight of the Soviets' military might from Europe? It is not pleasant to recall that nearly all Europeans sided with President Truman when he fired General Douglas MacArthur. It was astonishing that they did so without any qualms, although the General had proved to be a great military leader, and a brilliant statesman as Japan's "white emperor." Before his fall, he had suggested that a naval blockade of their coast and air attacks on Manchurian and Chinese targets might disgust the Chinese Communists with the Korean war. Otherwise, he said, the Korean campaign would not be brought to a satisfactory conclusion. That forecast has since been confirmed. The best to be hoped for in Korea is a peace that will have to be secured by the stationing of strong American forces in Far Eastern garrisons. Of course, there is no proof that MacArthur's recipe would have worked. It may be that the Chinese Reds would have stood up to his thrusts; perhaps

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his plan would have provoked an open Soviet intervention. The latter event, however, was highly unlikely, because an intensification of the American-Chinese conflict would hardly have been strong enough to change the reasons that have caused Stalin to recoil from a general war. Altogether, it was understandable that such a risk frightened the defenseless Europeans, but their main argument, that any employment of Atlantic forces in the Far East was bound to increase the danger for Europe's peace, was quite illogical.

That notion seems to flourish still. In Great Britain, people are even indignant at attempts to drive home to the Chinese Reds that their brazen delaying actions in the truce talks in Korea might rebound upon themselves. Mr. John Foster Dulles is taken to task for having alluded hypothetically to the possibility of unfettering the Formosa forces of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. Winston Churchill must justify himself in Commons for having warned the Chinese Communists of unpleasant consequences in case of their violating the armistice to come. Obviously, the watchword is still "Europe first, and every rifle for Europe!"

That is a fatuous slogan, and it sounds especially strange when proclaimed by Frenchmen who demand, in the very same breath, that Indochina must be a common responsibility of the Atlantic family—just as Korea. Indeed! Just as Korea, where the Europeans have done very little to help America carry the burden. If, instead of Indochina, Hong Kong, the Crown colony, were in the frying pan, the British would certainly shout that Hong Kong must be considered a common responsibility like Korea, and foremost, an American one.

The basis of those mental meanderings is a lack of global-strategic think-

ing. The worst political blunders have stemmed from the fact that people have looked at flat maps instead of considering the markings of the spherical chart. It is due to our planet's shape that dangers warded off at the front door are often-wont to knock soon at the back door. The United States is on the Atlantic, but also on the Pacific Ocean. The Communist empire is on the Elbe River but also on the Yellow Sea. He who shouts "Europe first!" insists that the Third War, if it comes, be waged chiefly in Europe.

It would be logical if General MacArthur were regarded as a patron saint by the Europeans, because he has done more than anybody else to diminish Europe's dangers. It was his policy, from the very beginning, to win over the vanquished Japanese for an alliance with America. In that he succeeded completely, and if the Americans are able, as can be assumed, to equip Japan's reborn army with modern weapons, the existence of that force will be sufficient to tie down one hundred Soviet divisions in East Asia.

Compare Stalin's two main fronts: In Europe he has little to be afraid of with his numerous land forces and with comparatively good communications in Germany, Bohemia, and Poland. It is quite different in Asia. There, the Red dictator has to consider something Europeans like to overlook, although it has decided the outcome of two world wars, namely, sea superiority, formerly British-American, now American-British. The Soviet Union is weak at sea. Together with Red China, it has in the Far East several thousand miles of sea shores to watch, and there are very few roads and railways behind that endless coastline. Siberia is highly vulnerable from within, because it contains most of the camps of the un-

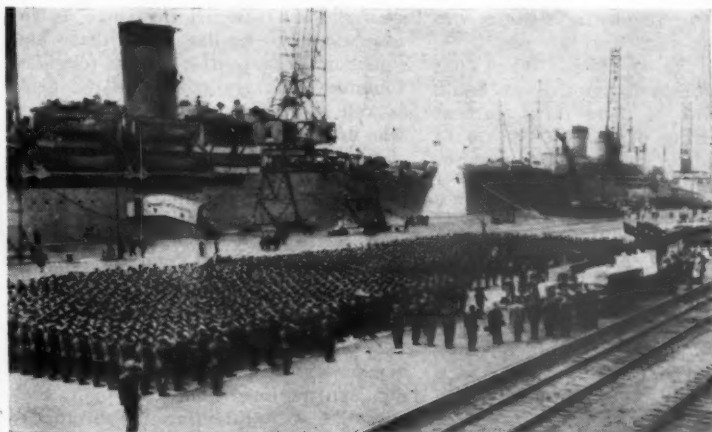
counted millions who are subjected to inhuman slave labor and must hate the regime most bitterly. American-British sea superiority, allied to the Japanese army, rich in traditions of victory, remembering what it achieved and lost in Manchuria, is a disquieting thought for the men in the Kremlin.

Now let us look southward. There is Turkey. Compared with the present strength of some European nations which we are used to calling Great Powers, Turkey is, from a military point of view, greater than a Great Power. She has just become a member of the Atlantic Pact. She lies close to the most sensitive parts of the Soviet war economy. How glad Hitler would have been if Turkey, at the time of Stalingrad, had marched at his side. She has air bases for America's heaviest bombers. Where do American weapons achieve more for Europe's security, in Asia Minor or in the Netherlands?

But let us return to the six American divisions that would satisfy Kurt Schumacher, the fiery Socialist leader, as he told Mr. McCloy, only if they were sixty or seventy and, of course, on the European continent. We have seen that it is possible to let the advance to the West appear as a dangerous venture to the Soviet High Command, if the six divisions act as the initiator of a European army, and if the main weight of the Soviet military might can be deflected from Europe.

In this connection, it is remarkable to observe that the representatives of what we have called flat strategy are oblivious not only of the global shape of our earth but also of the air around it. The United States, as is generally known, has succeeded in producing a tactical atom bomb that can intervene in land battles, against the enemy's

(Continued on page 72)



General Eisenhower greets American troops debarking at Bremerhaven to join NATO forces defending West Europe



Soviet soldiers parade in Germany. Reds now have 150 divisions poised

So You're a Brother, Father

Mixed with the humor of continual misidentification is the sad fact that religious brothers are little known and less understood

by
**BROTHER
FRANCISCUS WILLETT,
C.S.C.**

*"I am not a priest. I am not
a student for the priesthood"*



ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK EVERS

LIKE a few other Orders of Brothers, the Brothers of the Congregation of Holy Cross wear the Roman collar as part of their street dress. In the center of the collar is a black band, meant to signify that the wearer is an unordained religious. So few people are acquainted with the Brother's vocation and the meaning of the band that on its slender blackness hangs many a ludicrous tale.

After the final examinations of one school year were corrected, the grades turned in to the office, and my bags all packed, I set out blithely for the railroad station, off for my summer appointment. The cab honked; I said hurried good-bys and scrambled into the rear seat.

"Where to, Father?" asked the cabbie.

"Union Station," I replied, and sat back in a way that implied I wanted no conversation.

When I was younger by several hundred "good morning Fathers" I would have primly told him I was a Brother, a Holy Cross Brother, stationed at such-and-such high school. But now the cabbie looked so innocent and cheerful I didn't have the heart to confuse him. It was just a short ride, anyway, hardly time to clear up half his misconceptions. Every young Holy Cross Brother, and probably every young Brother of several other Orders,

has been frustrated many times in making his status clear. Indeed, I have heard it more or less seriously suggested that each religious carry a little bundle of cards with him. The message would run something like this:

"How do you do? I am not a priest; I am a Holy Cross Brother. I am not a student for the priesthood. You know what a religious Sister is. Well, a Brother is the male equivalent, consecrated to God by the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. The black band in the collar signifies this state. Thank you. Pray for me."

Now that is an idea. When our status is wrongly diagnosed, we could whip out one of these cards, present it to the erring person with a tip of the hat and a cheery good morrow, and be on our way.

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"Say, I've gotten myself into a little trouble. Would you . . ."

I sat down, scrutinized his collar for a black band (there was none) and said hello.

"Where are you stationed, Father?" he asked, finishing up his ice cream.

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"I won't be ordained. I am simply a religious."

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"I have a son who is a priest," he informed me loudly. "What parish are you at, Father?"

Now be it said that I am not a quitter. I went into my act with the alacrity of a trained seal.

"Are you a Catholic?" he asked suspiciously when I had finished.

That did it. The zeal seemed to flow from me as from a gashed artery. I finished my meal in gloomy silence while the big man looked at me now and again with mixed puzzlement and hostility. It was with relief that I felt the train grind into South Bend, where soon I would be a member of a large religious family and would be greeted by an occasional "Good morning, Brother."

As a sidelight, it is interesting to note how everyone tends to say "Good morning" to priests and religious, no matter what the hour may be. I suppose it is a tendency carried over from childhood days when we paid morning greetings to our teachers and greeted the priest coming out of the sacristy door after his morning Mass. At any rate, rare is the day I do not have the opportunity to say "Good Afternoon" while looking at my watch to some student who passes me with a greeting in the corridors during the afternoon periods.

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We Brothers, little known and less understood, have learned to be philosophical. All of us have read articles about the glories of the priesthood and Sisterhood and vaguely wondered if the writer included Brothers in the Church. At educational conferences we have turned up in full force, some of our members even on the platform, only to hear speaker after speaker begin his address, "Reverend Fathers, dear Sisters, friends."

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So You're a Brother, Father

Mixed with the humor of continual misidentification is the sad fact that religious brothers are little known and less understood

by
**BROTHER
FRANCISCUS WILLETT,
C.S.C.**

*"I am not a priest. I am not
a student for the priesthood"*



ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK EVERS

LIKE a few other Orders of Brothers, the Brothers of the Congregation of Holy Cross wear the Roman collar as part of their street dress. In the center of the collar is a black band, meant to signify that the wearer is an unordained religious. So few people are acquainted with the Brother's vocation and the meaning of the band that on its slender blackness hangs many a ludicrous tale.

After the final examinations of one school year were corrected, the grades turned in to the office, and my bags all packed, I set out blithely for the railroad station, off for my summer appointment. The cab honked; I said hurried good-bys and scrambled into the rear seat.

"Where to, Father?" asked the cabbie.

"Union Station," I replied, and sat back in a way that implied I wanted no conversation.

When I was younger by several hundred "good morning Fathers" I would have primly told him I was a Brother, a Holy Cross Brother, stationed at such-and-such high school. But now the cabbie looked so innocent and cheerful I didn't have the heart to confuse him. It was just a short ride, anyway, hardly time to clear up half his misconceptions. Every young Holy Cross Brother, and probably every young Brother of several other Orders,

has been frustrated many times in making his status clear. Indeed, I have heard it more or less seriously suggested that each religious carry a little bundle of cards with him. The message would run something like this:

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SPORTS

by **DON DUNPHY**

Predictions for '52

It's time now for our annual crystal-ball gazing and predictions on the order of finish in the major baseball leagues for the season of 1952. After what happened to us last year when our American League choice, the Indians, blew the duke in the last ten days and our National League pick, the Phillies, finished a whopping 23½ games behind the pennant-winning Giants, we have decided to discard the crystal ball and try an instrument that has been used with more or less success at the race track, namely, the hatpin. However, since some of you new readers are entitled to the facts, let us say that, despite last year, we have not been completely devoid of success (or luck) in these predictions. In the three previous years of selecting, our National League choices always won and our American League picks were right in there to the end.

Now it's time to try it again and here's how we figure it.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

1. Cleveland
2. Chicago
3. New York
4. Philadelphia
5. Boston
6. Detroit
7. St. Louis
8. Washington

NATIONAL LEAGUE

1. Philadelphia
2. New York
3. St. Louis
4. Brooklyn
5. Boston
6. Pittsburgh
7. Chicago
8. Cincinnati

Now taking them by teams, we'll start with the American League.

The Cleveland Indians

It is our sincere conviction that the Indians should have won a year ago when they seemed to have the best balanced club in the league but the pressure got them in the last two weeks and brought on a hitting slump that was to cost them the pennant. Their three twenty-game winners, Feller (22-8), Garcia (20-13), and Wynn (20-13) will be back on the firing line and while we

feel that Feller probably won't win that many again, we also feel that Bob Lemon is going to improve on his 17-14 mark of 1951. Bob really lost some tough ones. Also, Lou Brissie, one of the game's finer relievers, will be with them all year. Jim Hegan is more than adequate behind the bat and the infield of Easter, Avila, Boone, and Rosen should be steadier with last year's torrid action under their belts.



Larry Doby of the Indians

Key man in the Indian scheme of things is center fielder, Larry Doby. Larry slumped off last year to .295 but if he can return to his form of previous years, and he should, the Indians will make it all the way. Al Lopez should get them home.

The Chicago White Sox

The "GO-GO-GO" boys carried the fight to the rest of the league through most of last season and then slumped off toward the end. We figure they'll carry the fight even further this time. This team which will be driven hard all the way by Paul Richards has two pitch-

ers, Billy Pierce and Saul Rogovin, who should join the charmed twenty game set this season. Assistance from Luis Aloma, Joe Dobson, Marv Grissom, Chuck Stobbs, and Al Widmar should make the mound corps a potent factor.

At first, second and short, the Chi-Sox are close to best in the league. Here they have Eddie Robinson, Nelson Fox, and the ever improving Chico Carasquel. If Hector Rodriguez at third can continue his International League form the Sox are set in the infield. In the outfield Allan Zarilla should have a much better year than last when he hit a woeful .257. If he does, the gardeners paced by sensational Orestes Minoso and including Jim Busby, Ed Stewart, and Ray Coleman should be tough to hold.

The New York Yankees

Not picking the Yankees to win has been a costly habit to this column. Still, we can't see their making it four in a row. Only two teams in the history of the game, the New York Giants 1921-24 and the Yankees 1936-39 have performed this stupendous feat. While the current World Champions have made a mockery of form, fate, and the law of averages, it just doesn't figure in our book. To begin with the Big Guy is gone. Of course Joe DiMaggio the last couple of years wasn't the Joe D. of earlier seasons. Nevertheless, he still was the best fielding center fielder in the league and a mighty dangerous man with the willow. And he was a great inspiration just being around. Chances are too that the Yankees will lose Gerry Coleman and Bobby Brown to the Armed Forces. An infield of Andy Carey at third, Phil Rizzuto (the best) at short, Gil McDougald at second, and Joe Collins at first may be good enough but we doubt it. The outfield with Woodling, Bauer, Cerv, Mantle, and Jensen will be good if the kids hold up. Berra is the best catcher in the loop and the pitching braced by Reynolds, Lopat, and Raschi is more than good. But Mr. Stengel, have you one more rabbit in that hat?

The Philadelphia Athletics

The Athletics finished strong last year and would be picked to finish higher except for the fact that they are an aging club particularly in the infield where Joost, Suder, and Hitchcock, though still good are on borrowed time athletically speaking. Fain at first of course is tops and third is doubtful. The outfield hits the long ball but measures up only fair. The pitching is the strong point with Bobby Shantz, Bob Hooper, Alex Kellner, and Morrie Martin all top notch and the catching is good enough. Jimmy Dykes will handle the team well.

The Boston Red Sox

Who would believe that baseball's erstwhile behemoth would be picked to finish fifth. But that's where you have to pick the Sox especially if Ted Williams goes into the service. The club, once the team to beat, must be rebuilt almost from top to bottom. The stars like DiMaggio (Dom), Stephens, and Pesky are aging. The youngsters aren't ready. New manager Lou Boudreau really has a job on his hands.

The Detroit Tigers

What was said about the Red Sox goes pretty generally for the Tigers. The return of Art Houtteman should help the mound staff but the rest of the team is spotty and in some key positions, notably second base and shortstop, is getting old. Red Rolfe will be able to compare notes with Boudreau.

The St. Louis Browns

My good friend Bill Corum, who has worked so long and so well with yours truly on the fight broadcasts, has picked the St. Louis Browns to win the American League flag. Bill must be using the crystal ball we discarded. This hatpin says they'll be lucky to finish seventh. Rogers Hornsby will provide the Brownies with good leadership but the Rajah can't play second any more and Ned Garver can't pitch all the time. The Browns are a safe second division choice.

The Washington Senators

This is going to be an exciting year in Washington but not at the ball park. The Nats have some fine pitchers, Bob Porterfield and Don Johnson, a good third baseman, Eddie Yost, a fair first sacker, Mickey Vernon, and ditto outfielder Irv Noren, but the rest is a struggle. There is no better manager in the game than Bucky Harris but like Hornsby, he hasn't got the players.

Now the National League!

The Philadelphia Phillies

Till Curt Simmons went into the service in September of 1950, the Whiz Kids actually were a great ball club. When Curt left, they lost heart, almost blew the pennant, and were murdered by the Yankees in the World Series.

Simmons will be back and this should give them the best mound staff in the game, with Robin Roberts, Russ Meyer (from whom we expect big things) Bubba Church, Howie Fox, and Steve Ridzik. The addition of Connie Ryan will help Waitkus, Jones and Hamner in the infield. Eddie Sawyer should profit by last year's inadequacies and surprise with a winner.

The New York Giants

It was hard not to pick the Giants to repeat as champs after their stirring finish in '51 but we feel they have too many question marks. To begin with, Eddie Stanky is gone and his was a vital influence on the team. Willie Mays was a strong factor in the Giants' success last year but has been called into the service. And their leading hitter, Monte Irvin, is side-lined indefinitely. Maglie, Jansen, and Hearn may be as good as ever on the mound but the second line pitching is of doubtful quality.

The Giants led by the capable Durocher probably will be strong choices but as we said earlier we're operating with a new hatpin.

The St. Louis Cardinals

The Cardinals are operating with new life which should keep them in contention all the way. Eddie Stanky should be a good manager if he can keep from getting thumbed out by His Umps and the Redbirds have come up with some strong rookies. The mound staff with fellows like Gerry Staley, Cliff

key players are slowing up. We look for a good year from Ralph Branca. Roe is again the bellwether of the pitching staff but the mound corps generally is not strong. Reese and Robinson around second can't go on forever at such a great pace and may slow down a little. The outfield is about the same.

The Boston Braves

It's hard to figure the Braves. They have a personable young manager in Tommy Holmes and reportedly some very good rookies. Warren Spahn, of course, is tops on the hill but the rest of the team is one big question mark which is where we will leave it.

The Pittsburgh Pirates, the Chicago Cubs, and the Cincinnati Reds.

The remaining three teams in the National League are on the weak side and we've lumped them together. The Pirates shouldn't have finished last a year ago and they'll probably struggle to sixth. They still have Ralph Kiner of course, but the rest of the team is sec-



Stoneham, Ott, Durocher of the Giants. Will they smile in September?

Chambers, and Harry Brecheen, aided by rookies Wil Mizell and Octavio Rubert should be strong. The infield will be good if Red Schoendienst can make the change to shortstop and the outer garden paced by the great Musial will be much better than average.

The Brooklyn Dodgers

The Brooklyn Dodgers had their big chance last season and blew it. Chances are it will be a while before they'll get another chance that good. For one thing, strong-armed Don Newcombe is now in the service. For another, some

ond rate, with the exception of a fine pitcher named Murry Dickson.

The Cubs are in a rebuilding process and it's always tough to figure a team like that. Outside of pitcher Bob Rush, there are no standout figures on the team. Phil Cavaretta, a real pro, should make a good go of it as manager.

Luke Sewell, with the Reds, has proved himself a good field leader but like so many other managers he lacks the players. The pitching led by Ewell Blackwell is good enough and there are some fair ball players like Ted Kluszewski, Andy Seminick, and Dick Sisler but not enough of them.

Books

THE ENEMY WITHIN

By Rev. Raymond de Jaegher & Irene Kuhn. 314 pages. Doubleday. \$3.75

This highly informative book is the record of the experiences of a Belgian Jesuit who spent some twenty years as a missionary in China. During most of these years, he observed from first hand the ruthless methods employed by the Chinese Reds to gain power.

The chief merit of the book is that it is an eyewitness account of one who had intimate contacts with the Communists and who shrewdly observed what was going on around him. He describes in careful detail the deliberate undermining of Chinese society by the Reds, the toughness and blind dedication of the Communist organizers, and the blood-thirsty terrorism that made the Chinese Communist evil "a thousand times worse than the Japanese."

Though thoroughly trained in the philosophy of Communism at the University of Louvain, Father de Jaegher's purpose is not to add to the vast literature of this type. Rather, he seeks to describe the violence and disintegration which results from the imposition of the materialistic theories of Marx and Engels. The details do not make for entertaining reading: even in this age of mass killings and the like, this is a story that one reads with a shudder.

With it all, Father de Jaegher is quite confident that Communism will be destroyed by the Chinese nativism which it has corrupted but not eliminated. We hope that he is right. In the meantime, we hope that his remarkable and unforgettable book will find a wide audience.

CHARLES P. BRUDERLE.

CATHOLICISM AND AMERICAN FREEDOM

James M. O'Neill. 287 pages. Harper & Bros. \$3.50

Catholicism and American Freedom is a reply to *American Freedom and Catholic Power*, but unlike Blanshard's work, it is not a polemic. Professor O'Neill writes as a scholar rather than a propagandist. With exemplary patience he has checked each and every one of Blanshard's footnotes



James O'Neill

and all his sources. The result is a devastating exposure of his methods.

Two points in this book, however, are particularly outstanding. Blanshard claims that in an attempt to render his work "factually impregnable" he submitted the manuscript to a panel of experts, including "Giovanni Pioli of Milan, formerly vice-rector of the Propaganda Pontifical College for Roman Catholic Missions, Rome." Professor O'Neill shows that this Giovanni Pioli is an ex-priest who, removed from his post in 1908, has had nothing to do with the Church since then! Blanshard's deliberate concealment of these facts constitutes fraud.

Again, in 1899 Pope Leo XIII condemned a heresy known as "Americanism." Blanshard cites this fact as evidence that the Pope had condemned the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, and, in short, all that we properly cherish as American ideals. Professor O'Neill shows that the heresy known as "Americanism" arose in France, where it was mistakenly ascribed to American Catholics. Actually this heresy, as Cardinal Gibbons promptly pointed out, never existed in America, and Pope Leo XIII expressly declared that he did not condemn American social and political institutions.

Such material, of course, is only a sample of Professor O'Neill's style of refutation. I recommend his book to everyone who has either read or heard of Paul Blanshard.

HARRY FELDMAN.

THE PRIVATE PAPERS OF SENATOR VANDENBERG

By Arthur Vandenberg & Joe Morris. 599 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$5.00

This is the story of the development of bipartisan collaboration between leading Democrats and Republicans to achieve a nonpartisan approach to American foreign policy in the postwar period. Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg was the Republican pivot that led to the emergence of national solidarity in this approach. His story and his speeches, particularly the famous one before the Senate on January 10, 1945, are more than a mere expression of his views and opinions: they amount to an expression of the will of the people, not as to foreign policy itself, but as to how

that policy ought to be formulated.

From Vandenberg's diaries, letters, and public utterances, his son, in collaboration with professional writer Joe Alex Morris, has edited and compiled a book showing the Senator's change, from the leading Republican isolationist in 1940, to a strong "unpartisan" international co-operationist in 1945, then becoming an outstanding foreign affairs policy maker until his death in 1951. His belief that peaceful nations can attain international justice and security within the United Nations Charter, but outside the veto, may be the hope of our time.

It is unfortunate that the Senator did not live to write this book himself as he undoubtedly intended. But it is fortunate that the editor was close enough to his father during the years covered to supply cohesion, transition, and necessary exposition to the actual writings of Vandenberg, who, among other accomplishments, was a man who could express himself well. There is just enough informal recording of impressions and ideas concerning persons and events to heighten interest.

TOM HURLEY.

THE DEVIL IN THE DESERT

By Paul Horgan. 63 pages. Longmans, Green. \$1.50

Paul Horgan is at his best in characterization and setting, usually that of the Southwest. In beautifully polished prose, he describes here a missionary's encounter with death. Father Louis Bellefontaine is beginning his annual journey into the brush country to bring faith and spiritual help to the isolated families who lived along the Rio Grande during the last century. His superior, Father Pierre Arnoud, has been instructed to forbid Father Louis' trip because of his growing feebleness. Father Pierre cannot bring himself to deny the old man his one joy in life and allows him to depart, the sad message undelivered.

When the first family Father Louis visits attempt to persuade him to turn back, he is momentarily enraged. He gains control of himself, then pushes on. As he rides, he reflects on his life, his faults, his quick, hardly controlled tem-



Paul Horgan

per. The day is hot; he seeks shade and rest under a mesquite tree in the desert. As he sleeps, a diamond-back rattlesnake stretches itself in the shade of his body. He wakes suddenly, frightening the snake who swiftly strikes. As death approaches, he has a most curious dream vision of the devil speaking to him in the form of the snake. This dialogue ends with the affirmation of Father Louis' faith in God's omnipotence, and the snake disappears, vanquished.

Mr. Horgan has made this difficult and unusual story plausible, restrained and deeply spiritual. Its effect on the reader is one of refreshment and awe. A small highly polished gem among the many duller stones of modern fiction.

PAULA BOWES.

RETURN TO CHESTERTON

By Maisie Ward.
Sheed & Ward.

336 pages.
\$4.50

Chesterton's able biographer has been collecting further information about him—from his friends, from his American hosts, from people who knew him when they were children. These further sidelights upon a great and gallant soul thoroughly repay study. Her book, however, is more than a supplement. Commending G. K.'s restatement of the happier side of mysticism, she brings out the mystical aspect of him with a fresh vividness, notably altering the picture.

One significant new fact is that his practice of religion was meager. He seldom went to Church till he became a Catholic and had to. The essential life was within; the world he loved so much was the world as transfigured by his perceptions. Hence (we can now see) his famous absence of mind and too frequent thoughtlessness. Numerous stories attest his charm and delicacy, but others display him as an absolute boor. When the inner life came in contact with the outer, he shone. But it often didn't. This intermittence of contact doubtless explains why, with all his zest for existence, he never wrote a plausible story.

In middle age he apparently developed a special mysticism of defeat. The causes he championed were lost, and he himself petered out as a journalist and editor. Yet he gained spiritual strength from the glory attaching to forlorn hopes and passed from his setbacks, unembittered, to a lasting triumph. It is good to be taken behind the scenes once again during that marvelous outpouring of vision which was his literary career.

GEOFFREY ASHE.



Maisie Ward

LIEUTENANT HORNBLOWER

By C. S. Forester.
Little, Brown.

306 pages.
\$3.50

From the pages of the *Saturday Evening Post*, where approximately half this novel was serialized under the title *Hornblower of the Indies*, comes the seventh story in the saga of Horatio Hornblower. Chronologically, this novel falls between the popular *Mr. Midshipman Hornblower* and *Captain Horatio Hornblower* of motion picture fame.

Once again Hornblower is presented in a swift-paced, action-packed story. Related are the events in which the lanky lieutenant distinguishes himself during his first independent command, is promoted to Commander, and assumes the responsibilities thrust upon him by the Napoleonic wars. In this novel, Horatio also meets Lieutenant Bush and forms the lifelong friendship familiar to readers of other Hornblower novels.

Here again is Horatio storming a Spanish fortress, capturing an English ship that has fallen into the hands of Spanish prisoners, and the hero of many other thrilling episodes certain to gratify Hornblower's countless enthusiasts. Here, too, is the cruel captain, the seaman that gets flogged, as well as the other stock characters, and the usual sketchy love story that could just as well have been omitted.

Assuredly C. S. Forester is no Conrad. Though critics may rightfully complain of formula fiction, the Hornblower novels do display an excellent knowledge of English naval history and are comprehensive and convincing enough to satisfy most readers. Forester, moreover, has developed such an excellent formula and stirring narrative style that Hornblower addicts will probably hate to see the series ever come to a close.

G. A. CEVASCO.

THE WEAKLING AND THE ENEMY

By Francois Mauriac.
Pellegrini & Cudahy.

219 pages.
\$3.00

The first of these two short novels, *The Weakling*, will not add anything to Mauriac's reputation, even though the situation, that of a middle-class woman who has married into the aristocracy only to find herself filled with loathing for her half impotent husband and their backward child—is brilliantly explored and the minute dissection of character penetrates far beneath the surface of life to the core of "frustrated viciousness,"



Francois Mauriac

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which Mauriac finds in so many people, even in good and holy men. But the hatred thus turned up is so intense as to be self-defeating; it rises to one hysterical peak after another, wavers for a moment, then falls back and begins all over again, so that the reader is exhausted rather than convinced.

The Enemy is a much better novel than *The Weakling*, fuller, more subtle, and, in the end, more real. In describing Fabien's entanglement with a woman much older than himself, Mauriac is trying to find the little chink in man's experience through which God's grace may enter, the element in man's nature which holds out, almost to the end, against God.

It is clear that Mauriac has put much of himself into Fabien. In *God and Mammon*, Mauriac says there is an essential difference between the Christian who resists the life of grace—that is to say, the sinner and the man without religion who tries to integrate corruption into his character. Fabien failed again and again, but he was never able to detach himself from the Faith; he knew that his Cross, made to his measure, awaited him, while his companions in vice simply gave way to the corruption in their nature.

N. ELIZABETH MONROE.

LIBERTY OR EQUALITY

By Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn.

395 pages.
\$6.00

Caxton Printers.

Someone has remarked recently, "The trouble with the French people is that they're too damned intelligent." Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn is not French, but his intelligence is of the idealistic and theoretical sort implied in the above quotation. The thesis of his book, *Liberty or Equality*, is that democracy is almost completely evil and useless. In his own words, on page 284, "Democracy, no less than modern tyranny, is morally dead, a living corpse, a whitened sepulcher; yet tyranny with its monarchical externals is at least a sinister concentration of material forces and drives." Tyranny, in other words, has at least the virtue of efficiency.

The author's ideal government would be a compact, Catholic, constitutional, and paternalistic monarchy. Such a regimen, he says, would preserve those religious, moral, social, and personal liberties which are crushed out by the mob rule of democratic equality. An avalanche of authorities, from Aristotle to Adams, is assembled to testify to the dangers and tyrannical tendencies of democracy, and a specific list of ten

accusations is drawn up on pages 133 and 134. In contrast to this we are given thirty reasons why monarchy is better. Chapter V, "The Political Temper of Catholic Nations," shakes a theological finger at democracy.

The author's ideal Catholic monarchy has much to recommend it, and it is well for Americans to appreciate this fact. We have been rightly condemned for trying to force democracy and the republican form of government on other peoples. The chief value of this book is to remind us of the many defects and dangers in the democratic system, and of the non-Christian pattern of today's world. We shall continue, however, to value democracy in human affairs, as well as a "monarchical" sense of responsibility in our public officials and an aristocracy of merit in all our leaders.

HASTINGS BLAKE.

THE GOWN OF GLORY

By Agnes S. Turnbull.

403 pages.
\$3.75

If, as the *New York Times Book Review* reported, Alice Sligh Turnbull's Bible Belt readership is dwindling because "She disappointed us in *The Bishop's Mantle*, her preacher went to a cocktail party," one trembles for the reception ahead of *Gown of Glory*. In it, the secretary of the church Missionary Society becomes an unwed mother, and in the third chapter, too!

To the non-Nonconformist mind, however, there is little that will not please. Its hero, the Reverend David Lyall is the very pattern of splendid country parson; his wife, Mary, has as true a vocation as he (though she is worldly enough to wish secretly that the congregation would put in a bathroom), and his three children, Faith, Jeremy, (named for Jeremy Taylor), and Lucy (for Wordsworth's "dove") make the manse the happiest home in town. Even Louisa May Alcott never painted a better picture of plain living, high thinking, and good laughs than Mrs. Turnbull in her story of Pennsylvania life fifty years ago.

Catholics will wish, however, that she had not attempted comparative religion. Late in life and near the end of the book, the good David meets up for the first time, with an aborigine, a Catholic priest. David's opening—and most out of character—gambit is: "The polity of the Presbyterian Church actually antedates that of Rome. It was established by St. Paul . . . and St. Peter." To this, Father Dunn (and him an Irishman too) is made to mumble that he



A. Turnbull



Erik Leddihn

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thinks maybe they'd better not discuss Church doctrines.

Except for this and a similar incident, there is little in *Gown of Glory* that will not charm anyone who likes his novels shiny; like good deeds in our naughty literary world.

CLORINDA CLARKE.

BLOOD, OIL AND SAND

By Ray Brock. 256 pages.
World Publishing Co. \$3.50

Blood, Oil and Sand is a disturbing and confusing book. It is disturbing because its author, a veteran American newspaperman, is bluntly pessimistic about the possibility of solving the myriad problems of the Middle East without resorting to war. The confusion rises both from the nature of the subject and from the hop, skip, and jump method of presentation. In one chapter we charge headlong through desert Iraq and in the next we are perplexed with the problems of "Balkanized" Syria. And always we are bewildered or annoyed by the rapid-fire of journalistic prose.

Mr. Brock clubs vigorously at "American inaction and stupidity, occasional venality and downright pro-Communist operations" which, he says, have made the Middle East a "raging veldt fire." To him, the American State Department is, or has recently been, riddled with "burrowing fellow travelers." Dean Gooderham Acheson has an "existentialist character," whatever that may mean in this connotation. The United States "Embassy Set," the author asserts, is filled with "stuffed shirts" who either join with the British "in the petty palace intrigues, cocktail parties, and soirees



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—Quote

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of the corrupt ruling classes" or who avoid social contacts and live in a "social, diplomatic, and political vacuum".

If these conditions are as the author describes them, and he offers no documentation and little substantiation beyond his own word, it is no wonder that American Middle East policy is characterized by "immaturity and bad faith." Whether Mr. Brock is absolutely accurate in this analysis or not, his alarm at least deserves a hearing. Better arrangement, a less glaring style, and perhaps more calmness, might have assured *Blood, Oil and Sand* a wider audience.

H. L. ROFINOT.

MANY ARE ONE

By Leo J. Trese.

Fides Publishers.

147 pages.

\$2.00

Here is religion in the vernacular. Much that succeeds only in mystifying the reader has been written of the Mystical Body and Catholic Action. Really, what is the one and what are we supposed to do about the other? Father Trese puts flesh on the skeleton, supplies it with blood, and immediately you see yourself—a vital actor in the drama that is the Church. And, like a capable director of this drama, he tells you just what to do to bring your role to life. It is all here: one, two, three, four—and that's all there is to it; a kind of "here's-your-hat-now-go-to-it" tone pervades the book.

Alexander Pope's famous line "what oft was thought but ne'er so well expressed" would make a splendid blurb for Father Trese's *Many Are One*. He serves up his pungent but familiar little essays on "My Neighbor," "The Lay Apostolate," "The Liturgy," "Marriage and Work," with a delicate sauce of his own making. It gives the impression that you've never tasted this fare before. Reading of these things, one imagines the author sitting, Bible in lap, just letting the Scriptures talk to him. And let me say that it is very extraordinary "talk"; talk about things that really matter, things that would make an unbelievable difference in your life.

This little volume makes excellent reading at any time, but it is ideal fare for a retreat or a day of recollection.

JOHN L. MADDEN.

I LIVE AGAIN

By Ileana, Princess of Romania.

374 pages.

Rinehart.

\$4.00

On the front jacket of this book of memoirs is a picture of the princess wearing a tiara. Descending to her through her mother, Queen Marie, from Nicholas I of Russia, the tiara had been

with her through difficult times. In 1943, she smuggled it out of Austria, where she lived from the time of her marriage to Archduke Anton ten years before. When she left for South America in 1948, she took it to Romania to save it from the Communists. In 1950 she brought it to the United States where it was sold because "her children were in need."

Living now in New England, Princess Ileana writes that she pauses "in the present to describe something of what it was like to be a princess—a princess with a sapphire and diamond diadem."

She tells about her early life and her devotion in later years to welfare work for the sick and needy. There is drama in her story and in the story of a country allied to the Nazis and later dominated by Russia. Unfortunately, the narrative never becomes quite as moving or vivid as it might be.

The end papers trace the family tree, noting Princess Ileana's relationship to her great-grandmother Queen Victoria. There are many interesting photographs and drawings. With a little more literary power this volume would be an important document on the changed status of European civilization.

ANNA RUSSELL.

HOME TO TENNESSEE

By Alfred Leland Crabb.

299 pages.

Bobbs-Merrill.

\$3.00

This is a heart-warming story of war as fought between friends and potential friends and the record of its events as told by the warriors to their off-spring and retold *ad infinitum* with becoming and probably permanent emendations. The years covered are between 1852 and 1880, so that the whole of the Civil War is included, with the emphasis on the charm of the South. Not that the Yankees fare badly! On the contrary. But the most desirable among them fall for Southern beauty and bravery, not to mention Southern spoon bread and corn pone. It would be difficult—particularly for a Southerner—to read it unmoved, for the courage and suffering of the southern soldiers is authentic and the spirit of their generals unmatched.

The story opens with a meeting between two boys, one a native of Franklin, Tenn., and the other a visitor to his grandparents who live there. The two fight, for talk, as today, is all of fighting, and the Yankee gets a sprained ankle. They meet again in 1860 and then tragically during the fighting, when they are, of course, on opposite sides. They are both killed but not by one another, and they are laid out together in death in the southern home with the hand of one resting on the other.

There is a plethora, almost, of south-

ern spies on behalf of southern generals and hairbreadth escapes and highly intriguing ruses. It would be difficult for a boy to put this book down unfinished.

This is the kind of romance that teaches history without pain, and the courage that outfaces fear. A good tale.

NORAH MEADE CORCORAN.

FREE AMONG THE DEAD

By Alfred Marnau.
Pellegrini & Cudahy.

279 pages.
\$2.75

Free Among the Dead is a symbolic representation of the catastrophe that overcame Europe during the years immediately before and after World War II. A tragedy of such proportions cannot be described realistically, for the mind staggers, then falls under the burden of horror, but it can be suggested symbolically. The narrative, simple and timeless, shows how the small countries along the Danube were trampled underfoot, first by their enemies, then by their liberators; how they were betrayed from within and from without. Men learn easily, it would seem, to spy on their family and friends, to torture and twist them into grotesque shapes, not because they are diabolical, but because they are weak and can easily be made to believe that their future depends on the downfall of others. There is nothing to stem the tide of disorder and cruelty, as there are no longer any established kingdoms and republics, nothing but leagues of murderers who prey on the countryside, establish schools of torture, and laugh while their victims scream with pain.

It is little wonder that the survivors look at one another out of the eyes of death, and yet, as the Trappist monk says to his friend, nothing is ever really lost; men must learn to forget all the horrors and bloodshed, all the demoniacal cruelty and start building anew, but this time on spiritual foundations.

N. ELIZABETH MONROE.

THE LOST CHILDHOOD

By Graham Greene.
The Viking Press.

191 pages.
\$3.50

This is the first published collection of literary criticisms and personal essays by Graham Greene, one of the most stimulating of modern English writers. He is best called to mind for such novels as *Brighton Rock*, *The Power and the Glory*, and *The Heart of the Matter*, and for such



thrillers as *This Gun for Hire* and *The Third Man*.

The Lost Childhood reads well. Perhaps the most interesting single essay is that from which the collection gets its title. In this, the author describes his earliest literary tastes with a disarming frankness and a piercing wit.

The most concentrated studies are the five essays on Henry James. They are penetrating studies—especially "The Portrait of a Lady" essay—and they challenge the reader to re-examine his own prejudices and prejudices toward James.

Over two score essays make up this initial collection and they range wide and far—from analyses of such writers as Rider Haggard, Walter de la Mare, and Samuel Butler to character sketches of such figures as Ford Madox Ford, Eric Gill, and Louis B. Mayer.

The Lost Childhood has a cosmopolitan appeal. First, there is an unmistakable personal quality about the essays which lends them charm. Second, there is a fresh and original approach to the critical evaluations placed on persons and things. One may disagree sometimes emphatically but cannot deny that he has been stimulated and entertained. Finally, Mr. Greene writes beautifully. In an era when the half-sentence and the wisecrack reign, it is a distinct pleasure to read prose that is lucid, witty, and urbane.

Graham Greene's *The Lost Childhood* will delight his old acquaintances and undoubtedly will gather many new enthusiasts.

WILLIAM MILLER BURKE.

HOW TO GET RICH IN WASHINGTON

By Blair Bolles
W. W. Norton.

309 pages.
\$3.75

Don't let the title of this book fool you. It contains no corny jokes about mink coats. It is a record of sober fact that is documented by public records. Political corruption is nothing new and this is not a partisan book. As the author states, "Politics in America is what Americans make it." Regardless of the party in power, existing conditions in Washington are a constant temptation to human weakness.

What makes this book so important is its emphasis on the fundamental changes that have taken place in the administrative structure of the Federal Government. Now that Uncle Sam has become the supreme money lender, the opportunities presented to the unscrupulous have made Washington the happy hunting ground for financial exploitation. Compared to the billions available in the public treasury today, the pick-



Blair Bolles



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ings in Wall Street during the bad old days seem picayune.

Not all of the book is concerned with outright venality. The subtitle is "Rich Man's Division of the Welfare State," and the evidence produced to support it is considerable. The sheer hugeness of the bureaucracy with its maze of vague administrative law, made it possible for a privileged few to get favored treatment at the expense of the taxpayer. Pressures on Congress from interested groups, supported by plausible arguments, have too often resulted in huge losses to the Treasury in contract settlements after the war and in unnecessarily large subsidies to various groups.

Blair Bolles has performed a valuable public service in compiling the shocking record, and every American who loves his country should read and ponder this book.

DOYLE HENNESSY.

THROUGH CHARLEY'S DOOR

By Emily Kimbrough.
Harper & Bros.

273 pages.
\$3.00

When Emily Kimbrough passed through Charley's door, she entered a new and baffling world; a world that first would terrify her, then captivate her, and finally claim her for its own, to the almost complete exclusion of her former friends and habits. This was the spell that Marshall Field and Company, of Chicago, cast over all who became a part of the organization.



Emily Kimbrough



On the Payroll

►Parking his flashy convertible outside, a well-tailored young playboy, well known in the town, entered the recruiting office. The officer in charge eyed him with faintly concealed contempt.

"I suppose you want a commission," he said sarcastically.

"Oh, no," the applicant replied. "I'm such a poor shot that I'd prefer to work on a straight salary."

—Walter Sheridan

From her humble beginnings in the advertising department to her emergence as editor of the store magazine, Emily's career is a continuous round of amusing, if disconcerting, episodes. Her skirmishes with the haughty buyers, her teas in the book section with celebrated authors of the day, her introduction to the complex problems of merchandising, all form a saga of life in one of the world's great department stores.

Emily meets each crisis as it comes, with originality if not always with equanimity. She learns the difficulty of anticipating the end of a mah-jongg craze. She learns how to reconcile one department with another. She poses French models and photographs famous actresses. Best of all, she recounts each incident with sympathy and humor.

The astounding fund of information about the life, breath, and nervous system of this gigantic industry is lively enough in itself to keep the book from palling. Enhanced by generous "asides" from a gifted author, and embellished by piquant observation on people and events, *Through Charley's Door* becomes a highly entertaining guided tour through an unfamiliar land of fact and fiction.

ROBERT L. TIFFT.

SHORT NOTICES

BASIC BIOLOGY OF MAN. By G. Kasten Tallmage. 244 pages. Random House. \$3.00. A hopeful sign of eventual progress for these times which are out of joint is the fact that more real experts are learning the writing trade. Qualified physical scientists are no longer utterly dependent on popularizers who know little about a subject but much about making an impression. The scientists are beginning to fashion their own message for public consumption. And the message is beginning to have all the interest which the popularizer ever put into it, plus an authority which was notably lacking to his effort. Dr. Tallmage in the *Basic Biology of Man* does this in investigating the structure and functions of the human body—as others have in other scientific fields. More of the same, both in science and in history will do more for peace than any member of dollars or guns.

THE GROVES OF ACADEME. By Mary McCarthy. 302 pages. Harcourt, Brace. \$3.50. In Mary McCarthy's latest novel dealing with contemporary American intellectual life her chief character, Professor Henry Mulcahy, appears as a victim of an academic witch hunt.

The faculty of Jocelyn College, a "progressive" institution, is disrupted when its President attempts to discharge Comrade Mulcahy. Professor Mulcahy is certain he is being unjustly persecuted for his political persuasions; it never enters his mind that he could be dismissed because he is an inferior teacher.

Academic freedom is a subject well suited to the satiric pen of Mary McCarthy. Unfortunately, her slant may irritate readers who do not lean over backwards and to the left in an attempt to be labeled "liberal."

ST. BENEDICT JOSEPH LABRE. By Agnes de la Gorce. 213 pages. Sheed & Ward. \$3.00. A woman of distinguished literary lineage writes the history of one of the most enigmatic saints of all time. Agnes de la Gorce is the daughter of the noted historian and Academician, Pierre de la Gorce. The subject of her biography is St. Benedict Joseph Labre. Benedict was a most untidy man. So much so that tradition invests his untidiness with a meticulous and almost dainty character. Almost fifteen hundred years after unwashed asceticism went out of fashion, Benedict found it personally serviceable and deliberately cultivated it. Twelve hundred years after St. Benedict of Nursia outlawed religious vagabondage, Benedict Joseph Labre became a spiritual tramp whose destination seemed always to be the shrine down the road or over the hill. Agnes de la Gorce writes beautifully and with great understanding of the spirit underneath his holy eccentricities.

THE LETTERS OF SAINT TERESA. Translated by E. Allison Peers. Two Vols. 1006 pages. Newman. \$10.00. Professor Peers, the noted English authority on Spanish studies, offers in these two volumes the richest diet of Christian humanism that can be translated out of the Spanish. Teresa of Avila was great in a way unmatched by most of the saints you can name. She had the heroic dimensions of soul required for official sainthood, plus a most fascinating literary personality. Even the majestic sweep of Augustine's self-revelation in his *Confessions* lacks the emotional gamut of Teresa. He could repent out loud and hold sublime colloquy with God—things Teresa could do quite as well. He could not giggle and chaff his friends and blend charity with hyperbole to produce a most charming brand of blarney—things she could do without half-trying. Nowhere else does her wonderful personality appear so consistently and naturally as in her letters. Professor Peers does his usual masterful job of providing a transparent medium through which this Spanish genius and Saint can contact the English-speaking reader.

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EISENHOWER'S SIX DIVISIONS

(Continued from page 59)

infantry and tank divisions. If he advances in scattered formation, that bomb is wasted. In the last war, the Russians achieved their break-throughs by means of heavy troop concentrations in narrow spaces. That involved a terrible loss of human lives, and they would not have resorted to it if only weak ground forces had blocked their way. In other words: The tactical atom bomb can only be employed if the European-Atlantic force is strong enough to force the Russians to concentrate their troops.

We have said previously that it would be senseless to give one's forces a rigid, immutable assignment. Atlantic strategy, like that of the Soviets, is bound to be global. The number of divisions at General Bradley's disposal is limited; the number of theaters where he could use them is almost unlimited. The choice where to use them is subject to the supreme operational principle that forces will be employed where they can do the greatest damage to the enemy. That applies to manpower as well as to matériel, including the deliveries to allied nations.

What does all that mean to Europe? She can be sure that it is one of America's vital interests not to let her fall under Communist domination. Europe, however, cannot expect to enjoy priority in all circumstances, because there are other vital interests which America has to defend. With the world situation growing more dangerous all the time, those responsible for U.S. strategy must decide where the employment of their forces can inflict the worst damage upon the enemy.

In Europe, especially in France and in German Leftist circles, one finds a widespread opinion that it would be a blunder on the part of Europeans to make a great military effort because the first result would be a withdrawal of the American divisions. That is a false conclusion. Exactly the opposite is true. Europe alone cannot become strong enough, in a foreseeable future, to ward off the Soviet menace without American aid. But the stronger Europe makes herself, the weaker will be the opposition against that assistance granted by Congress, and the smaller will be the hesitation of American generals to dispatch their soldiers to the Old World. What the strategist fears most is the employment of his troops where they are doomed to failure. Europe would be best off if she became strong enough to request the United States to employ its six divisions some place else, where they could divert Soviet forces from Europe.

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MODEL STATE OF LUXEMBOURG

(Continued from page 11)

first World War, it was already normal practice to call in the Church leaders to conciliate and arbitrate in all discussions between industry and labor and that practice has been continued under the present Bishop, Joseph Philippe.

The result has been the complete harmony between labor and capital which I mentioned at the beginning of this article—a harmony which has not been marred by a strike in half a century. Nevertheless, Luxembourg's labor has attained a standard of living which produces envy in strike-torn Britain and France. Recently the iron and steel industry consulted its balance-sheets, saw that the results were good, and without a word of request from labor increased wages by 5 per cent. At the same time, all three partners in Luxembourg's industrial life—industry, labor, and the Church—consult constantly on measures to prevent the cost of living from rising so high that wage gains like this are cancelled out.

Besides receiving high basic wages, the Luxembourg worker benefits from regular bonuses calculated on the previous year's industrial profits. Thus, if 1952 is a good year in any industry (and it is pretty certain that it will be) then next year the workers in that line will receive a wage hike proportionate to the 1952 profits.

Health insurance, on a co-operative basis and privately managed, has been a feature of Luxembourg's social benefits to all since 1901. Practically the entire population is covered. As mentioned before, the Grand Duchy has one of the most liberal unemployment insurance programs in the world. But at present there are only fourteen people drawing benefits. Unemployment insurance in Luxembourg is provided by labor's and industry's contributions, with the government simply acting as umpire over the program. In fact, the large industrial concerns have volunteered to carry most of the social security burdens by themselves—all this in addition to the compulsory obligations imposed upon them by statute.

For example, Arbed, one of the largest steel firms in Luxembourg, voluntarily spends millions every year on pensions, old age homes, hospitals, maternity centers, and similar institutions. Some of these welfare agencies are carried by Arbed alone. Others are supported by Arbed funds but administered by the Red Cross or the community. The children of Arbed workers receive high school and university scholarships as a matter of course, and the firm maintains shops where its workers can buy the necessities of life on a nonprofit basis.

Arbed workers are encouraged to build their own homes by liberal loans and, in addition, the firm itself puts up low-cost but extremely comfortable and durable housing for its employees. A worker can rent a complete, well-equipped home from Arbed for the equivalent of ten dollars a month. And Arbed makes special allowances to workers with families. These allowances increase with the number of children and include special supplements on the birth of each child.

I have chosen Arbed to illustrate Luxembourg's social progress because I have talked with some of its officials and seen many of the homes and community enterprises put up by this modern, progressive firm. The best feature of the whole program is that Arbed officials do not feel that there is anything especially noteworthy about the firm's contributions. Their attitude is that labor, as a matter of right, is entitled to respect and dignity, and that part of the wages of labor are good homes and security.

And I was assured by Church leaders in Luxembourg that all other industrial concerns follow the example of Arbed to the best of their ability and on a voluntary, not a compulsory, basis. Their programs differ in detail and in implementation, as is natural in a highly individualistic country, but they all contribute to peaceful, harmonious relations between Luxembourg's labor and capital.

Neither industrialists, nor labor leaders, nor many of the Socialist politicians to whom I talked, hesitate to give most of the credit for this agreeable state of affairs to the Church. I was told by both union representatives and industrialists that if it were not for the devoted efforts of the Church it is possible and even probable that industrial relations in the Grand Duchy would have taken the same path as elsewhere in Europe. But the Luxembourgers were indeed fortunate in the bishops who were called to be their spiritual leaders. That, certainly, is the main reason that Communism is practically nonexistent in the country. Communism thrives on industrial unrest and spiritual bankruptcy. Where neither condition exists, as in Luxembourg, the Reds find it impossible to get a foothold.

But most noteworthy is the fact that the people of Luxembourg have willingly abandoned their traditional neutrality and are ready to help the free West whenever the chips go down. The Luxembourgers, if they wished, could point to their tininess and their military weakness as excuses for burrowing their heads in the sand, but they have not done so. Instead they have decided, like free men the world over, that their religious, political, and social democracy is worth defending.

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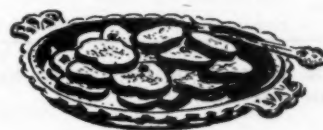


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THE GENTLEMAN FROM MASSACHUSETTS

(Continued from page 44)

exchanges, and the Administration's silver bill. As a ranking member of the powerful House Ways and Means Committee he has helped plug many a loophole in our tax laws.

McCormack is a Knight of Malta (Rome Order), a member of the Knights of Columbus, the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, and the Ancient Order of Hibernians. He has also been cited by a New England B'nai B'rith Council for "promotion of good will among men of all creeds."

With McCormack, politics is a round-the-clock, twelve-month-a-year career. Between sessions of Congress he can be found in his district office almost any day, trying to satisfy each and every one of the some 125 constituents who drop in on him during the day. The twelfth District has a population of around 300,000, and can be covered by car in about a half hour.

When the House is in session, Mr. and Mrs. McCormack occupy a suite at the Washington Hotel, within sight of the Capitol. The Congressman is usually in his office by nine in the morning, moving from there to the House restaurant where, over coffee and a cigar, he holds informal court with his cronies. Once the buzzer signaling the House is in session sounds, the majority leader grinds out his panatella and bestirs himself. From then until the close of the day, South Boston's gift to the Democratic Party performs like a true professional in his favorite arena.

Back at the Hotel, after another cigar, McCormack unlimbers a battered old portable typewriter and, with the help of Mrs. McCormack and the "hunt and peck" system, bats out answers to between twenty and thirty of his constituents' letters.

McCORMACK'S old-fashioned belief in the dignity of office and his devotion to duty is unusual. But then he has always been an unusual politician. Back in Old Southie they still tell this one.

Once, when McCormack was still practicing there, his friend Tom Harvey, captain of the Back Bay Station and founder of the Rose Kelly Club, was approached by a wealthy acquaintance and asked to recommend a lawyer.

Harvey sent him to John McCormack. Later, the man said McCormack handled the case admirably, but had refused a fee, because he was so friendly with his police captain friend. When Captain Harvey asked McCormack about the incident, he replied:

"That turned out to be a political favor, not a law case. Can't charge for political favors, can we, Tom?"

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HEARD ANY GOOD WEDDINGS LATELY?

(Continued from page 30)

(or from the time the early guests arrive.) The wealth of great organ music—i.e., of music written specifically for the organ—is so vast and so rewarding that there is no necessity for wandering into the transcription and arrangement department.

We have, for example, the wide field of the chorale prelude. Your church's organist probably has his own favorites among the rich Bach supply. Three of the most beautiful and most popular at weddings are "In Thee is Gladness," "The Day It is so Full of Joy," and "Dearest Jesus, We are Here." The Brahms' chorale preludes, too, are particularly beautiful and appropriate. "Lo, how a Rose e'er Blooming" and "Deck thyself, my Soul, with Gladness" are my own favorites. The three César Franck chorals are also good choices, if both organ and organist are above average. Simpler technically, but very lovely, are the thirty easy chorals by Max Reger, and the twenty-four organ pieces of Louis Vierne. Of the many organ preludes by Marcel Dupré, those in honor of the Blessed Mother seem particularly appropriate to weddings.

Your organist probably owns the great collection in six volumes by Joseph Bonnet called *The Historical Organ* (organists love such collections.) These books cover the field from pre-Bach upward, and without looking outside it an organist could put together a program fit for the wedding of a cardinal's niece to an archbishop's nephew. By the way, if you have an ultra-romantic soul, look into the two sets of Vespers (carrying the seal of approval of the St. Gregory Society) by Ernest Chausson, one of the most romantic of nineteenth century French composers.

It seems too bad that so few weddings are followed by high or solemn high Mass. If you have any admiration for the choir of your church, it's something to think about. (Expense? You don't need a great many voices and you'd be surprised for what a modest fee most church singers will jump at a chance for extra work. This is all part of life among the arts.) But here, particularly, the choice of music must depend solely on the capacity of the performers. If your choir sings the chant well, and not as though it were winding up the second act of an early Verdi opera, a simple Gregorian Mass is particularly appropriate to the solemnity of the day. If the choir is really professional it probably has one of the great polyphonic Masses by Palestrina, or Vittoria, or Byrd in its repertoire. There is a beautiful three-part Mass by the sev-



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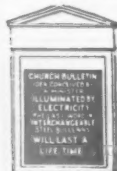
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enteenth century Hassler, and among modern works the Peeter's three-part Mass in honor of St. Joseph is musically as well as liturgically appropriate. There is available a simple and beautiful two-part Mass by the contemporary organist and composer Richard Keys Biggs. And these suggestions represent only a fraction of the possibilities.

This brings us down to the knottiest of the wedding music questions. What shall we do with the wedding soloist? My first and strongest impulse is to say, "Don't have any," and let it go at that. The reason for this prejudice against soloists is that the choice of good and appropriate music which they may sing at Catholic weddings is very scarce. And this scarcity in itself is a proof that in the over-all scheme of liturgical music, the soloist has only a very small place. But if the bride really has her heart set on hearing music sung as well as played at her wedding, she should have it sung, and phooey on the sourpuss who tries to stop her. Extreme caution must be used in the choice of solo material, however, for it is in this territory that the most frequent and flagrant violations of the *Motu Proprio* occur.

ONE of the familiar and popular solos sung at weddings is both approved and appropriate, particularly at the Offertory: the Franck "Panis Angelicus." There's nothing wrong with the Schubert's "Ave Maria" either. (But skip the disapproved Bach-Gounod. Too much Gounod and not enough Bach.) There are beautiful and simple settings of both the "Our Father" and the "Hail Mary" by the French composer André Caplet. An approved hymnal, like St. Gregory's, can yield some fine material, if one steps carefully. Particularly beautiful in text as well as music are the Gregorian settings of the *Adoro Te, Devote* and of the four antiphons of the Blessed Mother. Good solo settings of the psalms are also appropriate. I would not hesitate to wander afield a bit and mention (for use before Mass only) the Vaughan William's setting, exquisitely pure in melody, of a religious poem by George Herbert, the metaphysical poet. This is "The Call" from William's *Five Mystical Songs*.

Some people have the unfortunate idea that if music is liturgically proper it is *ipso facto* dull, or at least not warming to the heart. No notion could be less true. There is a vast, almost unlimited quantity of material from which to choose less than an hour's worth of music. A little planning and forethought is all that is necessary to give yourself wedding music on which to look back with years of pride. There's no doubt that your wedding will look beautiful. It should sound beautiful too. After all, it's quite a day all around.

THE SIGN

LIGHT IN DARKNESS

(Continued from page 52)

"Almost — what do you mean?"

"The plane put down at Merauke with some cargo. After Merauke the storm hit us, pilot lost his way in the dark, and with the fuel running low we thought we were done for. For a while I thought we had a mad pilot on our hands, as well. He kept circling. Can you imagine how we felt, the plane being tossed about like a chip and the pilot circling? But—he knew what he was doing. He was looking for something."

Carstairs, staring at them both, said almost inaudibly, "For what?"

ALIGHT. It seems there's a fellow on a plantation there—chap named Ferguson—who never fails to signal day or night when a plane passes over his place. His way of combating the loneliness, I suppose. Anyway, when in trouble the pilots use him for a check point and, sure enough, we saw his light under us, in the storm. It saved our lives."

Carstairs sat down, frowning into space.

"You're not a very responsive audience," his daughter complained with a mock frown.

She was wrong. Carstairs had paid them the ultimate tribute, the tribute of silence. Not that he did so intentionally. He simply could not marshal his thoughts, which even while young Thompson was speaking had gone racing back to that mean, lonely plantation where old Matthew Ferguson lived with only memories for company. There was something Matthew had said, something of tremendous importance, born of a long and lonely patience. What was it he had said? How had the old man put it?

The words came to him, almost in Matthew's cracked voice. "Seems to me you might be more important than you think. Course, it's a long, slow job and you don't always see the results first-hand..."

Carstairs pulled himself together with an effort and stood up. His daughter's young man was speaking to him.

"... and I believe they'll approve," Thompson was saying eagerly. "Of course, I'm green, but I did spend some time in New Guinea during the war and on the strength of that, I might even win an assignment here to your district, sir, as patrol officer."

Carstairs stood up. Despite the fever in him his eyes were clear.

"I could use a good man here," he said. "There's important work to be done. More important than you—and I—might sometimes think."

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 2)

coats . . . and tax fixes are petty larceny compared with . . . the Harding regime." I feel you are underestimating the extent of present corruption. Of course, as regards the mink coat and deep freezers, you are obviously right, but I suspect that the total of the RFC losses, tax fixes, and over \$800,000 known pilferage of grain, will turn out a grand total much bigger than Teapot Dome.

HERMANN F. ARENDTZ

Cocoa, Florida

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

In your editorial of the February issue, you infer the rottenness of the present administration in Washington does not compare with the robbery during the time Harding was President.

I can hardly believe this is your honest opinion when facts seem to prove otherwise. According to the investigations in Washington, our country has never before experienced anything comparable to the moral breakdown prevalent there for the past ten years or so. Blair Bolles, in *READER'S DIGEST*, March issue, says, the corrupt abuse of the Federal Government for personal profit has lately exceeded anything known in those two outstanding epochs of political sin, the Grant and Harding administrations.

J. A. SHAY

Wilmette, Illinois

God and Man at Yale

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

On page 70 of your February issue there is a review of *GOD AND MAN AT YALE* by Eva J. Ross.

If I had read this in the *DAILY WORKER* or the *ATLANTIC MONTHLY* (as I have) I could understand the slant but I am at a loss to understand the smear which appears in this review. The reviewer cites: "The Yale use of texts which, in pages 228-232 of the appendix, are shown to be used in the Catholic University of America and other Catholic Colleges."

Of the four books mentioned, which incidentally use the sneak trick of Fabian Socialism, only two of these texts are at Catholic University. Of the 369 colleges listed, there are only twelve other Catholic colleges that have one of these four textbooks. Incidentally, there are none of these in use in the leading Catholic institutions such as Fordham, Georgetown, Notre Dame, St. Louis, or St. Mary's, California.

The final paragraph is such a strange conclusion that we wonder what reviewers *THE SIGN* reviewer had previously read.

JOHN T. BALFE

Rye, New York

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

It is unfortunate that Miss Ross is so dogmatic in reporting Mr. Buckley's findings since her conclusions are quite unfair to his serious and straightforward purpose of reporting to the Yale alumni what is being taught at Yale in order that, should

they disagree, they might choose to seek a change or a more specific definition of policy. It is my opinion that Mr. Buckley did not intend to preach his theories of economics but only to report and substantiate his report by examples, that collectivism almost exclusively is being taught at Yale. He lists the other colleges and universities using the same economics textbooks in an appendix and without comment. Because this list includes several Catholic colleges, it is unfair to conclude that the texts are ideal or unbiased since it does not necessarily follow that the texts are used exclusively or that anything used by a Catholic organ is of itself correct—to wit Miss Ross' own review in THE SIGN.

MAUREEN C. DIDIER

Torrington, Conn.

"Social Work Out of Balance"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Like the soft brush of a bird's wing, the article by Milton Lomask, "Social Work Out of Balance," barely disturbs the air about the great mass which constitutes the base of the social work structure, which in turn supports and feeds on the conceits of the leaders it has created. While lauding the sincerity and accomplishments of the many who, in the true spirit of charity, help their fellowmen to help themselves, we cannot ignore the fact that for the majority social work has become a tool of vested interest for the arrogant, the self-seeking, the blasphemous, and those who in truth despise their brothers under God. More and more, social work has become a tool of the Devil—providing incubation, nesting, and a source of recruitment for the scourge of our day, Communism. The end is not yet!

I speak out of long experience in the field of social work and the concern that I have felt for many years in my association with social workers. There have been, and still are, many in the profession with the same apprehension of the scope, motivation, and goals of social work—to them I pay tribute; the lot of the dissenter is not an easy one. Finally, lest my concern be misconstrued as "sour grapes," I am a graduate of an accredited school of social work; achieved a measure of worldly success in social work, together with appropriate recognition—financially and professionally; for many years I maintained senior membership in the American Association of Social Workers, and for twenty years was a member of the New England Psychiatric Round Table.

DOROTHY M. FOX

West Pembroke, Maine

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Mr. Lomask's article is a hodgepodge of confused impressions and not a scientific, unbiased presentation of the facts about social work. It is painfully obvious that the author has not even taken the time to try to get some perspective before looking at the entire field of social work. A less foolhardy and more honest soul would have examined, at least, the literature of professional social work more carefully. Needless to say, one can safely deduce that Mr. Lomask has hardly studied that literature. His point of view is antagonistic,

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uninformed and, consequently, unsound and misleading.

ARTHUR J. FOEHRENBACH
New York, N. Y.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I believe that Mr. Lomask in his article makes many unwarranted assumptions and is misleading throughout. Why were Philip Klein, Eduard Lindeman, Ralph Blanshard, and Isabel Paterson pointed out as spokesmen for social work? Any number of other persons, non-Catholics as well as Catholics, who would differ considerably with the views held by these four, could as reasonably have been chosen. Does the writer assume that any student exposed to these "social theorists" would be a human sponge, automatically and uncritically accepting everything they presented?

JOHN J. HARRINGTON
New York, N. Y.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

As a Catholic social worker and a citizen I was deeply shocked by Mr. Milton Lomask's article, "Social Work Out of Balance," in the recent issue of THE SIGN. I can only think that an article written without thorough research into the purposes of a profession can do grave harm because of its irresponsibility. It is quite obvious that Mr. Lomask does not personally like social work or social workers. That is his privilege as a citizen. Mr. Paul Blanshard dislikes the Catholic Church; and that is his. However, when an attack is made in print against something we may distrust out of our own prejudice, it is doubly essential that we do not distort the facts which lead to wrong conclusions.

JOHN S. BLACK
New York, N. Y.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Many of us students at the National Catholic School of Social Service at Catholic University of America were deeply hurt by the article written by Milton Lomask, "Social Work Out of Balance." We who are preparing to devote our lives to the service of God through our vocation of Social Work feel that the article was most unfair and that it completely misrepresented our profession.

THOMAS P. GIER
Washington, D. C.

Thanks from YWCA

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

May I express the appreciation of the Members of our Association to the St. Gregory's Council of the Knights of Columbus for their kindness in sending us the subscription to THE SIGN magazine which we have received for the past three years.

We have found our readers have enjoyed the magazine and the interesting articles. This is placed in our Library for the convenience of our members.

Again, our sincere appreciation for this worthwhile magazine.

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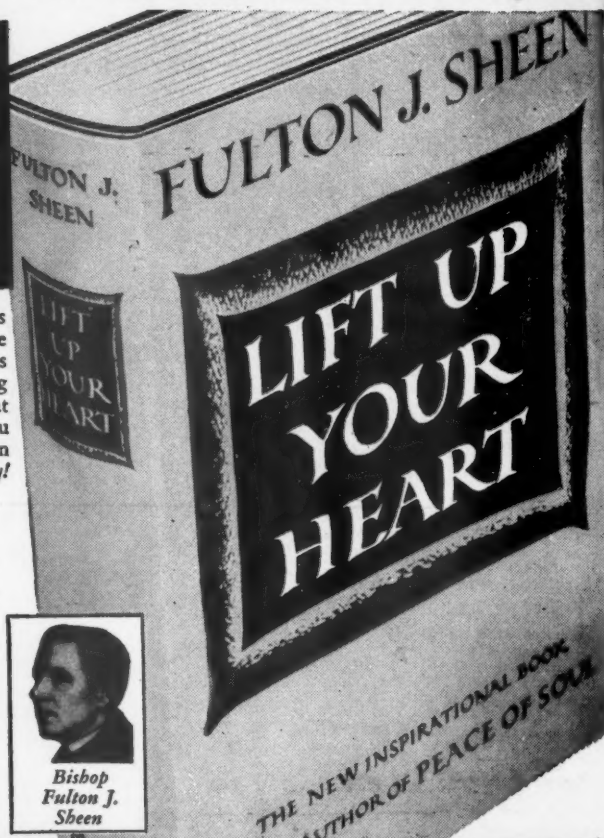
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